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## AMERICAN POETRY.

‘To be, or not to be?’

‘WHERE is the American epic?’ is a question daily asked. The man who answered, ‘In our mountains,’ was not so far from truth. We are no disciples of the school which teaches that an epic bursts at once to life, without any connection with the times, the taste, or the manners of a people; for though Genius can do much, she is scarce omnipotent, and is herself the creature of surrounding circumstances. The days of miracles have passed. The spirit of the age is stamped on the *Æneid*, and no one but a puritan and a controversialist, as well as a poet, could have written *Paradise Lost*. A people may, therefore, possess genius for every other task; they may even give birth to minds which, if educated amid poetic associations, would light the world with their brilliant phantasies; and yet, if destitute of these associations, that same people may in vain hope for a son of ‘the immortal lyre.’ We do not, in fine, deny the existence of a german genius for poetry; but we look in surrounding circumstances for the soil to nourish the undying shoot, and if it be not fit, we lay the matter over to posterity. Heaven grant they may be more poetic than we are now!

We are broaching no new doctrine, when we say, that the present age is incapable of the epic. In all the arts and sciences which are either practical or demonstrable, our young republic has displayed talents and genius as yet unsurpassed. In mechanics, in bold, daring inventions, in new and tremendous influences in the moral world, and in all the more popular fields of human intellect, her rank is high. Her strides have been gigantic. So peculiarly fitted have her institutions been, for the development of *useful* mind, and so rapid and startling have been these triumphs, that we have seemed to breathe a magic atmosphere of intellect, from out of which, whenever the wants of her people have invoked them, spirits vast and powerful have started at her call. But in the finer and more beautiful workings of the mind, she is as yet a tyro. The condition of herself, the character of her people, and the circumstances which enervate her literature, forbid the most sanguine to hope for a triumph in poetry.

There is no flight of genius so near the sun, as that of the epic. It demands an eye of fire, and a wing of iron nerve. Every power of the mind; every aid from knowledge; the most exquisite taste;

the nicest choice of language; and the divinest inspirations of genius, are necessary for, and called into full play in, the struggle. Few, therefore, have ever dared the flight, and fewer still have gained the empyrean. Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, are almost alone in their sublime and boundless supremacy. Perhaps, too, every century increases the difficulty; for as nations rise in civilization, their fastidiousness increases, their minds become enlarged, they hold communion with loftier spirits, and call for more magnificent results. The poet of to-day must burst through the overshadowing of his predecessors. His chances of success are consequently lessened. Beside, the epic has always followed in the train of other poetry. It seems, indeed, as if the worlds of poësy and intellect are like the moral universe; that progression is the law of each; that great events are always heralded by those of lesser note; and that every successive attainment serves only as a vantage ground to desecry the next. Thus Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare, foreshadowed the coming of Milton; and doubtless many a lost fragment of lofty poetry ushered in the immortal Iliad. Virgil, too, and Tasso, first drew from the delicious spring, and then, fresh from the fountain, poured forth upon the world their tide of mellow song; and many an epoch will pass in our history, before we can have works like theirs.

Our country, at the outset, is destitute of the proper feeling, without which no poetry, much less the epic, can flourish. We are too utilitarian for the muses. The wants of a new people monopolized the talents of our fathers, and, as was natural, produced a belief that the necessaries of existence were the only things desirable. They had no time, generally, even for the elegancies of life; and there were few hereditary families of wealth and taste to keep up, by their patronage, a pure estimation of poetry and the finer arts. Left to themselves, therefore, the belles-lettres, after a fruitless struggle, fell into the hands of a solitary few; and the great body of the nation was whirled away by the desire, now become universal, of amassing wealth. The consequence was soon felt in literature; and we are to-day without any extensive class of literary men, who, like those of England, light the world with their deep thoughts. But poetry suffered most. We became a grasping, trading, and productive community; public opinion, that silent but tremendous tyrant of the mind, went over to the side of wealth; and it soon began to be regarded by wise utilitarians as mad, Quixotic, and ridiculous, if not disreputable, to sacrifice a competence for poetry. The muse was literally ostracised; and the young, diffident writer, sneered at by what the world calls your substantial men, and encouraged by scarcely one, began to question his own wisdom, and soon left Parnassus in despair. No matter what were his talents; the same cynic spirit crushed alike the mighty and the small. The wings of the young eagle were clipped in his eyrie; and the cold blast withered the lily, even in the bud.

Some, however, conscious of the immortal fire within them, and believing early neglect to be the lot of poets, maintained the battle against every odds, and dared even to vacate the magazine for a hot-pressed octavo from Carey or Harper. But, poor mortals! their pre-

sumption was soon checked. They had brilliant talents, it is true, but they had committed the unpardonable sin; and who would pay a half eagle for American poetry, when they could get English, equally as good, for half the price? A little encouragement might have fixed their bent, but the spirit of utilitarianism was too coarse to appreciate, and too niggard to purchase, their works. Their publishers frowned, their editions decayed on the shelf, and every fat tradesman jostled them contemptuously in the streets. What could be done? Before them, on one hand, was poverty, and that queer thing called posthumous renown; and on the other, wealth, respectability, and influence. A man, after the enthusiasm of twenty is past, does not long hesitate between a parlour and a garret; and so they took to trade, got rich, lost all their fire, and now instead of 'getting fou,' like Burns, 'on twa-penny,' do so like gentlemen, on Burgundy and champagne. Such, alas! has been the fate of the American harp. Our poets, one by one, have passed away. Halleck, Percival, Bryant, and Dana, where are they? Their history is short. A few wild bursts in youth, a few glorious triumphs in later days, and then they ceased. At most, a few melancholy notes wail, at intervals, from their deserted lyres.

This universal and distempered taste, which condemns the American poet to silence, is at the root of the evil, and affects poetry, even in the germ; for if slighter pieces, of acknowledged merit, are neglected, how will it fare with the more delicate works of taste? How, in short, can our poets ever rise to the epic, if they are struck so remorselessly from lower fields, where they might gain strength for a loftier reach? It is impossible. The eagle breasts not the thunderbolt, till he has shaken for years the dew-drops from his wing. Our people must, therefore, imbibe a taste for true poetry, patronise and study something else than a partisan newspaper, and foster a more iron literature, and a more national spirit, before they can hope for a laurelled muse. When this, however, shall be attained, they will be but at the threshold of the epic. They may have the body, but they will still want its nerve — hallowed moral associations; for they, more than any thing else, give birth to the poësy of a people. Thus in Scotland, that land of song, the very air breathes poetry. Not a mountain but has seen a skirmish; every plain has thundered with a battle; her glens are full of wild and shadowy traditions; her cairns are haunted with her plaided chieftains; ages ago, her rivers sang back the verses of her bards; and even her brown moorlands are the homes of fairies. Born and nourished amid such thrilling memories, if there exists a latent spark in her sons, it is struck forth. The peasant cannot cross his farm, without beholding some spot famous in song. Hoary traditions and moss-grown baronial ruins, the border fields of Wallace, and the fame of ancient triumphs, kindle her genius into enthusiasm, until it breaks forth in her old mournful ballads, or the sweet and touching pathos of Burns. You can hear in Scott, the rattle of her armor, and see in Ramsay, the gentle waving of her plaids. But *we* have none of these. We are not rocked unconsciously into poets. Time has not hallowed our border conflicts; and every thing in our history is comparatively modern, and matter-of-fact. Perhaps our only materials are

in the dreamy traditions of the red men; but they can never win our sympathies, as our own fathers might have done. We are, consequently, without any epic, save the 'Columbiad,' and that is one only by courtesy. It wants the energy, the sublimity, the living fire of genius. A classic taste, a patriotic feeling, and the purest harmony of numbers, are nothing, without that divinity of thought which bursts unconsciously from inspiration. Barlow tried to appeal to our moral associations, but they were too recent, and he failed. They had not the hoary sanctity of age. But a *national* epic cannot exist without them. They burn through Homer, smile in Virgil, and thunder with the Arch-fiend in Paradise Lost. Time may strew them around us; but who, at the present day, is so fool-hardy as to sing without them? We must wait till ages have ivied over our altars, until our border-fields loom mistily in the distance of antiquity, and the heroes of our infancy stalk, like shadowy figures, in the gloom. Till then, let us not despair. '*Omnes non omnia possumus.*'

This, together with our origin, accounts for the absence of a *national* poetry. We have no American school. France has her distinctive qualities; Italy, with her sunny hills, hers; even Germany has filled her young yet giant literature with those as strong; but we are literally Anglican. Perhaps, with the same language, a lingering allegiance to their models, good or bad, and the similarity of our manners and tone of mind, arising from a common origin and maintained by the tremendous influence which their literature, disseminated cheaper than our own, exerts upon us, this is unavoidable. We are too much in letters the province as well as colony of Britain; we shall never be national in poetry, till we break the spell; and we shall probably never break the spell, till our national character is more distinct from theirs. This, generations will scarcely see.

Still, however, our poetry has been less national than it might be. Too many imitate an English model, rather than give free course to their own thoughts. This is a delicate ground, and we must walk it stealthily, or win their ire. But the eagles of the hill will know our motives — we care not how many of the ravens caw at us. We mean no disrespect to Helicon, for heaven knows we have drunk too often at her fount. But we are *Americans*, in ancestry, education, and feeling; we see the evil; it can only be corrected when known; we have glanced at its most prominent causes, and to the best of our humble ability, shall denounce it. We might instance more or less from every writer of established merit, but it is so obvious to all who read them, that every man of taste will cry 'Amen!' Their metaphors, descriptions of scenery, and lights in which they throw their pieces, in fine that indescribable *something*, yclept the spirit and essence of the verse, are all too often British. They seem enchanted and powerless before their masters. They are rather pretty than sublime; for they are certain of being the one, with care, while it needs lofty daring for the other. We speak now only of the poetasters, and some weaker moments of the masters. The mournful simplicity of Percival; the tender, pensive melancholy of Bryant; even Brainard, with his force, and Dana with his energy and fire, are darkened at times by the overshadowing of their English origin and education. These great authors, however, know

this as well as we; and redeem themselves at times, by flinging off productions, splendid in national allusions, burning from their altars. They prove what they might do if they would; when will they, fearlessly and boldly, strike out an orbit for themselves? Do they consider that while they emulate the British school, their transatlantic rivals, born amid touching associations, nourished by opulence, favor, and taste, and gifted with the passport of English criticism, will always, with equal worth, surpass them? And do they forget that we are slowly becoming a bolder, more vivacious people; that our national character is surely in its germ; that even if unequal in some respects, an original poetry will carry off the palm; and that the present muse of Britain should be as little fitted for America, as the frail flower of the Yarrow for the rugged mountains of the west? All this they know, and if they do not, will thank us for the truth. Their weaker imitators, however, deepen the darkness, and then send forth their foul clamor, if we warn them of the evil. It is like the screams of the harpies around the Trojan tables:

‘Et magnus quatunt clangoribus abas.’

But if destitute of the moral associations, lethargized by utilitarianism, and chained by education and influence to British models, how can we be national? The answer is easy. We have the sublimities of nature, and by seizing on these, our poets might be immortal. We have noble rivers; eternal forests; the most stupendous mountains; and seasons full of glorious associations. The fall of the leaf, the dreary winter forests, the ocean prairies, and the picturesque Indian landscapes of the west, furnish materials totally unknown to England, capable of founding a distinct school, and yet how rarely are they sung! Before our country can be redeemed, therefore, we must learn to follow nature rather than the schools, and, from the roar of Niagara, and the vast melancholy sweep of the Mississippi, to gather laurels for immortality. Let them soar amid the grandest of nature's works, and write, as Apelles painted, for eternity. They have obstacles to surmount; a taste to regenerate, and a literature to redeem; but the more dangerous the effort, the more brilliant the success. When Dante snapped the cord that swathed the mind of Italy, did they bid fairer for success than we? Had Chaucer never waved his wand, nor Shakspeare gleamed forth, the meteor of eternity; had Galileo paused, or Bacon never dared his splendid philosophy, where would have been the mind's triumph, or man's renown? Their countries are in a blaze with their fame. True divine genius, when once it has been fanned into a flame, cannot be quenched; and when America shall *educate* a Shakspeare, what can crush the giant? He will revolutionize our poetry. He will reign without a Waterloo. We can no more stay his bursts of inspiration, than check the rapid, angry flashes of the storm.

We repeat it, therefore, that there is a dearth of bold, natural genius in our poetry. We have no lord of the epic or the drama. Events have not yet woken the slumbering mind. There is talent enough, but it is either seduced into utilitarian pursuits, or overawed in youth by the grandeur of the British classics. But time will do

the work. A great people can no more be slaves in literature, than in government. Age will give us a national character, fling around us a halo of touching associations, and imperceptibly increase the boldness of our writers. As the community becomes more advanced, it will, as all old countries, have greater time for the elegances of life. Opulence will begin to nourish talent; the people will become more refined; a better taste will finally prevail among them, native genius will meet with due encouragement, and America be hallowed in immortal song. Some Byron will go forth, the pilgrim of the west; and some Shakspeare will thrill us with the deeds of our fathers. The wild native march will ring through our mountains, and the simple ballad will be sung in our glens. A mournful aspiration will go up from some undying genius.

— 'to be remembered in his line  
With his land's language.'

That day, whenever it shall come, will redeem us. We shall then be ready for any fate. As the old Greek wrapped himself in his mantle, and laid down to die, so may a country wrap herself in the glory of her sons, and calmly wait her destiny.

PODRIDA.

*Philadelphia.*

#### THE PASSIONS.

TIME was, when man in God's own image stood,  
Communing with the angels, in that bower,  
Where first creation dawned upon his view!  
Their radiant pinions hovered o'er his rest,  
While seraph voices joined his vesper hymn.

In its primeval glory, this fair world,  
With all its noblest, and its brightest things,  
By high OMNIPOTENCE to MAN was given.  
Creation owned her Lord! while all that moved  
On earth, in air, and sea, his reign confessed.  
Before him bowed the forest monarch down,  
With the young land, submissive to his power.  
Birds of soft plumage, and melodious song,  
With notes responsive, hailed the rising day;  
While fragrant flowers, of bright and various hue,  
Sprang in his path, o'er which luxuriant trees,  
Blushing with golden fruit, their shadows spread.

Such was fair Paradise! When woman smiled,  
All Eden brightened with a richer glow!  
Led by the hand of Derry, she came,  
To dwell in kind companionship with man,  
A sharer in his pleasures, and his toils,  
Which nature's genial bosom richly paid.  
Love, joy, and harmony, and peace, were there;  
God saw his glorious work, 'and it was good.'

Brief hour of human purity, and truth!  
Malignant Envy, in the bland disguise  
Of friendship, stole; yea, twined his serpent folds  
Around the consecrated tree of life!  
'Eat, woman, eat! ye shall *not* surely die!'  
Thus spake the tempter of mankind. They ate.  
A sudden darkness gathered o'er the sky,  
Wild raged the storm; earth's firm foundations shook,



While ocean trembled from her deepest cells.  
The livid lightning flashed with lurid glare,  
Wreathing in flames the blackened arch of heaven,  
While the loud thunder's deep, continuous roar,  
Proclaimed in God's own voice, that man was lost!

The sinful pair shrank from the wrath of heaven,  
And gazed upon the desolated scene;  
The lion's roar, the savage tiger's yell,  
The fierce hyena's wild unearthly cry,  
Came mingled with the wolf's discordant howl.  
The huge leviathan, from the vast deep,  
Rebellious rose above his ocean bounds,  
Dashing with fearful power the trembling shore;  
While, mid the awful pauses of the storm,  
Ill-omened birds, that shun the face of day,  
Shrieked as they passed from Eden's rifled bower,  
Leaving alone God's sacred messenger,  
The holy dove, a timid nestler there.

Apart, the dark arch enemy of man  
Looked on, with fiendish glee, and cursed our race.  
The chain that bound him in his dark abode  
Was riven, and forth he strode, triumphant  
O'er the globe; veiling his hideous form,  
And smile demoniac, 'neath that smooth disguise.  
That first brought sin and ruin on mankind.  
He spake: wild spirits filled the air, the earth,  
The sea. First, MURDER came; his right hand red  
With the pure blood of his young brother's heart,  
For which his own, in every age and clime,  
Hath deeply paid. 'Cursed art thou!' said God,  
And set his mark upon the murderer's brow.

Next, came REMORSE, with cold and rayless eye,  
His pale lip quivering, as the retrospect  
Of crimes unpardoned darkened memory's page;  
An exile from his God, spurned by his race,  
To nature's wildest solitudes he fled;  
Those sunless depths by human feet untrod,  
Where coiled the hissing serpent in his path,  
And nameless things of horror met his view.  
Where poisonous weeds in tangled masses hung  
O'er the green bosom of the stagnant pool,  
Rife with disease and death. Such was his home;  
Shrinking beneath the hemlock's baleful shade,  
In savage gloom, he brooded o'er the past.

His step was followed by DESPAIR. The world  
Had scorned him; his impassioned soul  
Had deeply drank at learning's sacred fount;  
But fame's deceitful smile, dark envy's sneer,  
The loss of wealth, the treachery of friends,  
Joined with the pangs of unrequited love,  
Came o'er his heart, as sweeps the siroc blast  
O'er fields of richest bloom, leaving behind  
The blackened wreck of nature's brightest things.  
To quell the anguish of his throbbing breast,  
He sought the shrine where wild Intemperance drains  
The Circean bowl of deep forgetfulness.  
Through his young veins the insidious poison ran,  
With phrenzied eye he wildly gazed around:  
Life seemed to him a blank, a cheerless void;  
No friendly hand was near to stay his course,  
No kindred spirit whispered, 'Live for me!'  
He grasped the blade of death, and sealed his doom.

Next came REVENGE. Beneath his lowering brow  
Flashed forth his kindling eye with fearful glare,  
As bursts the lightning from the sable cloud.  
His hand hath grasped the victim of his wrath,

High o'er his head the glittering steel is raised !  
 The cry for mercy, the denial fierce,  
 Are mingled with life's last convulsive gasp :  
 Revenge exulting, gazes on the dead !

What form is that, which, wild as lightning's flash,  
 Sweeps o'er the plain ? 'Tis WAR — insatiate War !  
 Wielding his massive spear with mighty grasp ;  
 He goads his fiery steed o'er yon bold heights,  
 That meet the brow of heaven ! the trumpet's blast  
 Hath drowned the widow's shriek, the orphan's wail ;  
 Oh ! what to him are nature's holy ties ?  
 Ambition points to victory, and fame ;  
 He treads o'er slaughtered millions to a throne,  
 And grasps a sceptre, red with human blood !  
 While, basely cowering at the tyrant's feet,  
 With smiles deceitful, and obsequious phrase,  
 Haughty REBELLION and dark TREASON bow,  
 Veiling beneath submission's humble guise  
 The furious fires that wildly raged within.  
 United, only in the bands of vice,  
 They watch in secret when and where to speed  
 The bolt commissioned with their sovereign's doom.  
 While meaner parasites, those gaudy things  
 That flutter round the blaze of royalty,  
 Vile mercenary wretches, who for gold  
 Would sell themselves, their country, and their God,  
 Yea, swear allegiance to the powers below,  
 To buy a life of luxury and ease,  
 Submissive wait to aid the work of death.

Stealing beneath the shadowy veil of night,  
 With noiseless step, pale JEALOUSY is seen.  
 His breast, by wild conflicting passions torn,  
 Heaves with deep anguish, as the withering thought  
 Comes o'er his heart, that she, his dearer self,  
 The treasured idol of his soul, is false !  
 Yea, false to him, whose life-blood is her own !  
 Blinded with rage, he madly rushes forth ;  
 His haughty foe hath proudly crossed his path,  
 Their eyes have met ! The fierce volcano's flame  
 Ne'er flashed more wildly than his furious glance.  
 No more ! 'Tis done, the double deed of death !  
 The reeking steel, red from his rival's heart,  
 Is quivering now within *her* heaving breast.

From out the murky den of dark Intemperance,  
 Rush forth a frantic throng, whose revels foul  
 The breath of heaven taint. Like the wild forms  
 That people Hecla's shades, they flit along,  
 Their eye-balls gleaming with unholy fires ;  
 Riot, and folly, theft, and lawless love,  
 In fiendish revlry discordant join ;  
 While haggard guilt, laden with nameless crimes,  
 With fear recoiling, shrinks to his vile den,  
 Trembling as if stern justice met his view.

False PLEASURE, too, in tinselled garb is there ;  
 With limbs half veiled, and gestures wild and strange,  
 She lightly bounds in the lascivious dance.  
 Around her bold unblushing brow is wreathed  
 The deadly night-shade, with the curling vine,  
 Twined with nefarious flowers of poisonous breath,  
 Their fiery eye, keen as the basilisk's  
 Who marks his prey, flashes with sulphurous light ;  
 False as that flame which quivers o'er the gulf  
 Of dark oblivion, tempting to destroy.  
 Mysterious power ! Men shudder as they gaze,  
 Despise, but own her fascinating spell.  
 As bursts the deafening thunder of applause,



The shameless votary of folly kneels,  
And claims the worthless wreath of public fame !

Last, in the train of human misery,  
Unconscious MADNESS rushed. The storm that beat  
On his unsheltered head and naked breast,  
Was calm, to that which wildly raged within.  
All the base passions that deform the soul,  
By turns usurped departed reason's throne.  
His rolling eye, red as the meteor's flash,  
In fierce defiance strangely glanced around ;  
While his herculean frame dilated rose,  
As if exulting in its giant strength.  
Uprooted trees were strewn across his path ;  
The remnants of his sanguinary meal,  
Still warm with life, lay scattered at his feet.  
They caught his eye ! Not *Ætna's* wildest roar  
E'er came more deep than his demoniac laugh ;  
As rolls the distant thunder on, it ceased.  
Slowly the maniac sought the silent shade,  
And calmly looked upon the setting sun.  
'*Thou art my God !*' he said, with trembling voice,  
And humbly bent that wretched one in prayer.  
It was his last. Exhausted nature sank.  
Loosed was the silver chord ; the golden bowl  
Was broken at the fount ! His bosom heaved  
With one convulsive throb — then all was o'er

### THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

'Oh ! when wilt thou return  
To thy spirit's early love ?  
To the freshness of the morn,  
To the stillness of the grove ?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh ! thou hast wandered long  
From thy home without a guide,  
And thy native woodland song  
In thine altered heart hath died ?

MRS. HEMANS.

In a pretty village in one of the most beautiful counties in the state of New-York, there stood a lovely dwelling, so concealed from the public road by trees, and shrubs, and trellis work, that it failed to excite the admiration it deserved. Of the thousand and one strangers who passed it in the stage every summer, not one ever bestowed a second look upon it, or a second thought. How could they imagine the beauty that reigned without, or the comfort that dwelt within ? They could tell nothing of either, till they passed through the wicket at the side of the house, and stepped upon the small green in the rear : then the garden, the orchard, the smiling meadow, sloping down to the margin of a clear rivulet ; and beyond, the dark, old, everlasting woods ; all, all spoke of beauty and of peace.

A lovely dwelling, in a pretty village, in a beautiful county ! Surely some very pretty girl must have dwelt therein ? No ; the beauty of that habitation was all in external, inanimate objects. Even the domestic animals around it, not excepting the old negroes, were

'mortal homely,' (to use a homely phrase.) Of the two cows, one had a crumpled horn; the other had no horns at all: one was rusty black, speckled with white; the other was dirty white, speckled with black; they had no pretensions to comeliness; and yet, to hear the colored woman Judy speak of them, you might have thought them worth their weight in gold. Then the cat was a gristly old creature, that had lost his ears one cruel, frosty night; and his mate was as black and as cross as old Judy herself; and so on throughout the establishment. Not to say that they were cross; but, in appearance, at least, the 'folks' were ordinary kind of people. They consisted of an old widow lady, and a young woman she had brought up; Mrs. Stanford and Miss Harriet Palmer. These were then, and for seven long years had been, the only inhabitants.

The younger of these two ladies had passed the first bloom of youth, and had lost that charming vivacity, which had once enlivened and rendered interesting a countenance which never had much claim to beauty. Yet she was still considered a desirable match in the country, and had refused several good offers; and the village gossips had settled it between themselves that she would die an old maid. I believe she thought so herself, and the idea did not seem to trouble her peace. But there was *something* lay heavy at her heart; no one could look into her large dark eyes and doubt it. When I said her countenance had no claims to beauty, I forgot her eyes: they were very bright once, and full of mirth; and had not that large, solemn look before she grew thin, and turned serious.

I must not omit to say, that Miss Palmer was not looked upon as a dependent; for she had some property in her own right, and was moreover a distant relation of good Mrs. Stanford; who, on the death of her only daughter, had adopted Harriet, and truly had been a mother to her. Harriet was an excellent girl, and repaid her kind friend's care with steady and faithful affection. There was a time — ah! now we are coming to that deep, hidden spot in poor Harriet's heart, from whence the dark waters of sorrow and disappointment had flowed over her innocent life, and tinged her prospects with melancholy. There was a time — ah! how often, and in what varied cadences of sadness and of grief, have these few words been uttered! There was a time, I say, when Harriet Palmer was looked upon as the future daughter-in-law of the good widow Stanford, and the old lady was thought so warmly to promote the match between her only son and her young protégé, as to be the real cause of its being broken off at last. At least the neighbours used to say so, reasoning on the contradictory spirit common to man; but they never knew the rights of it; nor any one else, except Harriet, and the one other person most nearly concerned.

From the time Charles Stanford first came here from school, the young people had been regarded as lovers; nor did they attempt to conceal their affection for each other. Yet in the midst of her happiness, the unpleasant thought often occurred to Harriet, that Charles loved her more for his mother's sake than for her own. She fancied she could perceive waverings in his attachment; slight inclinations toward other objects; and she formed the heroic resolution of releasing him from all his ties, till he had seen more of the world,

and had better opportunities of forming his judgment, and suiting his taste. Of course the youth vowed constancy to his early love; but she was resolute, and he accepted her conditions with rather less reluctance than she could have desired. They were both to be as free as air. 'And yet what is freedom to me?' said Harriet, as she gave vent to her grief at parting with him; 'I can never, never love any one but you, and my only wish is, for your sake, to prove that I am as necessary to your happiness as you are to mine. Return to me in two years, and tell me that you have seen nothing in the shape of woman whom you would rather call your wife than poor Harriet Palmer, and then I shall account myself the happiest of mortals; but until that trial is passed, how can I know but that, even after marriage, you might meet with one better calculated to make you happy?'

Charles was much affected. He could scarcely tear himself from his early companion, and the home of his childhood; but there was no resource. Even his mother urged the propriety of his seeing more of the world, and striking out some independent business for himself, before settling down into married life. And so the gulf was passed, and the inexperienced, enamoured boy was launched on the great ocean of the world. He went to the South; and all that befel him there, it is not my purpose here to say; but after a year's absence, his letters told plainly enough that time and distance were working that sad change in his affections, that they are too often known to produce. His morals, too, felt the fascinating influence and dangerous effects of southern manners, producing a change in his character not so easily gathered from his letters; though Harriet's clear-sighted affection detected symptoms that gave her sufficient uneasiness; but what could she do? Nothing—but hope, and pray, and half reproach herself for having suffered him to depart 'without a guide.'

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THREE years swiftly sped away; at the end of which time, came a hasty letter from Charles Stanford to his mother, still deferring the period of his return. Business—man's never-failing excuse for want of punctuality in affairs of the heart—business was imperative. He expected to realize something handsome in the ensuing year. A speculation he had made in Texas was turning out very lucrative, and he was on the point of leaving New-Orleans for that distant land. After this, his letters were rare, and of those he did write, some failed of reaching their destination, and all were hurried, unsatisfactory scrawls. His friends, however, learnt from them that he was a frequent traveller into the more southern states of the Mexican republic.

Harriet felt that Charles was lost to her for ever; and endeavored, in the strict performance of her duty, and above all, in the regulation of her own affectionate heart, to master the grief which preyed upon her. Perhaps it would have been better to have forgotten the faithless wanderer, and transferred her pure affections to some more worthy object; but this was not in Harriet's nature: she preferred the uninterrupted, sorrowful remembrance of her early lover, to the heartless ties of an interested marriage. So she wore away the

bloom of youth in the sickness of 'hope deferred;' and then quietly resigned herself to the dreary monotony of single life.

Four more years of this her maiden widowhood slowly dragged along; and then a letter came which raised hopes and fears again in Harriet's gentle bosom; and fond yearnings in the mother's heart. The outside cover of the letter—oh! what a tale it told of its weary pilgrimage through a foreign land! How soiled and stained it looked, and disfigured with unintelligible marks! Mrs. Stanford attempted to read it; but her hands trembled so that she was obliged to put on her spectacles; and when they were in their place at last, tears came and bedewed the glasses. 'Harriet, take the letter,' said she, 'I can make nothing of it.' Harriet readily complied, and as she scanned it over, a flush appeared on her usually pale cheek; yet she read it through in a calm voice, and turning to Mrs. Stanford, said: 'Well, mother; so the wanderer is really coming back at last!'

'Read it again,' said Mrs. Stanford. 'I do n't rightly understand that about his not coming alone.' Accordingly, Harriet repeated the last sentence. It ran thus:

'After what I have stated, you will not doubt that it is my fixed determination to return home at last, hoping in my mother at least to find a forgiving and indulgent friend. I hope too that I shall not be the less welcome if I should not come alone; as I intend to take home with me an unfortunate little stranger, the child of a poor fellow who fell in Texas. I promised the parents to take charge of their helpless offspring, and place it in proper hands; and I shall not feel that I have fulfilled my engagement, till my little charge is safe under your roof. After that, we must do the best we can, and dispose of the child as you think best and wisest. You will see by the date that I have wandered far south into the Spanish country; and I believe I have turned half Spaniard myself; and, if your kindness, and my native scenes, do not soon restore me to something of my former self, I shall not trouble you long. Look for me early in the spring. Till then, farewell.'

THE winter passed away. Spring came with its gusty winds, and cold spattering rains; and the deep waters of the Hudson, no longer confined by winter's icy chains, floated quietly by each flourishing town, and upstart village, quite unmindful of their busy congratulations; and little heeding the 'ups and downs' of the steam-boats which affect so much industrious importance at the first opening of the river.

'Another letter from Charles!' said Harriet, smiling, though her cheek was deadly pale, as she came in one morning from the post-office: 'and it has the New-York post mark on it, so I suppose he has actually arrived at last;' and she sank into a chair, as she handed the letter to Mrs. Stanford. The old lady said nothing; but she saw that Harriet was in no state to decipher her letter for her this time, so she hastened to break the seal, and presently read aloud the following lines:

'Dear mother: After a boisterous passage, we came into port last night in safety; and not willing to take you too much by surprise, I

write in haste, to let you know that I leave the city this evening, and shall make the best of my way home.'

Harriet leaned forward, and looked at the date. 'Why, mother!' she exclaimed, 'he will be here this very day!'

Wheels were just then heard approaching; but then carriages often rattled along that noisy thoroughfare! Hark!—did they stop? yes—the carriage was at the gate. 'Is he come, dear mother?' said Harriet, for she had not risen from her seat. Mrs. Stanford did not hear her. She had opened the glass door, and stepped on the piazza, the more readily to welcome her 'lost and found.'

Harriet listened, but there was a loud humming in her ears, and her head grew dizzy. She rose with the intention of hastening to her own room, that delightful sanctuary, to which woman flies, to indulge unobserved the agitating emotions of her heart; but it was impossible; her limbs trembled under her, and she sank back in a swoon. It was fortunate that she had thrown herself into an old-fashioned easy chair, with cushioned back and sides; and without those treacherous rockers, that disturb and tantalize with their 'unrest.' It was fortunate this ample receptacle stood in a recess behind a large chimney, and had been drawn round with its back to the door to meet the light of a window near which it stood. Harriet had her long fainting fit all to herself, without the hasty intrusion of smelling bottles and pungent essences. How quiet she lay there! though in the same room stood her long-lost lover; the companion of her childhood; the idol of her youth; to restore whom to happiness and virtue, she would gladly have laid down her life. When she at length came to herself, and heard the sound of that well known voice speaking in tones of the deepest melancholy, she was near relapsing into insensibility; but tears relieved her. Suspense had unstrung her nerves; and now all she had felt, all she had suffered, since that voice to her had been mute, crowded into her remembrance, and she wept until her attention was roused by the purport of the conversation between Mrs. Stanford and her son. A childish voice too was heard, and then Harriet recollected the young stranger whom Charles had mentioned months ago as an intended guest. This was the subject of the conversation to which Harriet unintentionally became a listener.

'So it is a girl you have taken charge of?' said Mrs. Stanford, in an accent of surprise.

'Yes, mother; that is one reason why I was so anxious to bring her to you; thinking that whatever might be the faults and misfortunes of her parents, you would not object to give her shelter—at least till a proper situation is chosen in which to place her.'

'I would take in half a dozen such for the sake of having you at home again, my son. But tell me more of her parents. Her father, you say, was from this state?'

'From this very county, mother.'

'And what became of the poor fellow's wife?'

'Alas!' said the young man, 'he had no wife!'

'I feared as much!' said the old lady. 'So, this is the child of iniquity, as well as of sorrow? Oh! Charles did you do right to

encumber yourself with the base-born offspring of a low-lived, profligate woman ?

‘You call her hard names, mother.’

‘Not worse than she deserves, who not only lives in infamy, but abandons her helpless child to the shame and disgrace with which her mother’s fault has sullied her very existence. I want words to express my indignation. Say, what has become of the worthless hussy ?’

‘Oh ! mother, mother, she is dead ; and what will you say, when I tell you that your unhappy son was the sharer of her crime ; the remote cause of her early death ?’ As Charles finished speaking, his voice faltered ; and leaning his hand over the back of the chair, he covered his eyes with his large, sun-burnt hand, but he could not conceal that he was weeping ; for, in spite of his endeavors to suppress them, his sobs sounded through the apartment. His mother was thunder-struck. She sat gazing at him in speechless amazement, with her mouth half open, and her eyes peering at him over her spectacles : so that Harriet stepped from her hiding-place without observation ; and she stood in silence too, gazing at them — the mother fixed as it were in astonishment ; the son wrapt in remorseful grief. ‘Is this your return to your native home, poor Charles !’ thought Harriet ; and at the sight of his distress, her own troubles were for the moment forgotten.

The little girl, whose presence had given rise to this disgraceful disclosure, had crept close to her father, and resting her head upon his knee, was looking vacantly at the fire, and seemed little to heed his silence or his sorrow. It is probable she had been accustomed to both.

Harriet drew near, and seating herself, formed one of the group, making a sign to Mrs. Stanford to keep silence. When Charles looked up, his eyes, swollen with weeping, rested on Harriet’s countenance, so changed and so pale, that he would scarcely have recognised her, had she not greeted him, and welcomed him home in a voice, whose sweetness in his ‘altered heart had died ;’ but which now came upon his ear like some long-forgotten melody. Shame and contrition were his portion, when he looked on the betrothed of his youth ; when he thought of the wretched girl whose partiality for him had betrayed her into sin, and disgrace, and death. Again he buried his face in his hands, and wished for death, to hide him from himself. Then suddenly, as if disgusted with his own weakness, he rose, and lifting the child in his arms : ‘Mother,’ he said, ‘but for the claims of this poor child on my protection, but for a sacred promise I made her dying mother, I should not have ventured thus to present myself before you, and acknowledge all my weakness ; and if it now appears that I have trespassed too much on your charity, and calculated too confidently on your indulgent affection, I can only crave your pardon, your blessing, and withdraw, to seek among strangers some safe asylum for the being I have promised to shield from infamy.’

Mrs. Stanford was silent. She loved her son ; but at that moment disappointment and displeasure prevailed ; for in all her doubts and fears regarding him, the idea had never entered her mind that he



would return to her at last with such a stain on his reputation as brought disgrace to her very door : and so the pride of virtue and maternal love made a sad conflict in her breast.

Charles paced the floor the while, till the unconscious cause of these emotions fell asleep on his shoulder. Harriet perceived it, and offered to relieve him of his burthen. 'Let me take her,' said she, quietly, 'I will find a berth for her;' and the little dark-haired stranger was soon slumbering peacefully on Harriet's bed.

Charles then seated himself by his mother, and took her hand in silence. 'Oh! Charles, Charles,' said she, 'I fear you have been a great sinner!' but she wept as she spoke, and her son felt that mercy and forgiveness were stealing into his mother's breast, to the expulsion of the harsh dictates of the sterner virtues. A long explanation followed, during which the kind mother spared her son the reproaches he deserved, and ended by declaring that the best reparation he could make for the wrongs he had done, was the having taken charge of the child, to obviate as much as possible the consequences of her unfortunate birth, and bring her up in religious and virtuous principles : and above all, to keep her clear of that wicked Roman superstition, to which it seems her mother had been bigoted, and to which doubtless might be attributed all her back-slidings.

The good lady had just come to this most satisfactory conclusion, when Miss Palmer re-entered, leading in the young subject of their discourse ; and as it chanced, the symbol of her mother's faith was suspended round her neck ; the cross being drawn from her bosom, and clasped in her little hand. Harriet explained, that looking upon this appendage merely as an ornament, and wishing to examine the workmanship, she had offered to take it from her neck, which the child resisted strenuously, and had held it fast ever since ; but not a word she said could Miss Palmer understand ; except 'no, no,' and 'papa, papa,' as she ran to the door, and made signs that she wished to return to the parlor. Her father, however, comprehended her lisping Spanish, as she told him the story of her adventures above stairs ; and in explanation, he reluctantly related how the child's mother, in her last moments, had taken the cross from her own neck, and placed it round that of her little girl, praying Charles to give his solemn promise it should never be removed therefrom, till he had safely and properly provided for the support and protection of her infant daughter. 'And now I have redeemed my pledge,' said he, and he spoke a few words to the child in her native Spanish ; upon which she loosened the beloved relic from her little neck ; and trotting across the room, handed it to Miss Palmer.

'What is it, Harriet?' said Mrs. Stanford.

'It is a small golden cross, of curious workmanship,' she replied.

'A symbol of the Roman Catholic faith, then,' said the old lady. 'There's both pollution and idolatry in it. Throw it behind the fire, child!'

'It is an emblem of the sufferings of Him who died to save us,' said Harriet, in an humble tone ; 'of him who bade the sinner 'Go, and sin no more.' We need not worship it ; but why should a Christian reject it?'



CHARLES STANFORD had been reinstated in his house for nearly twelve months : his mother's kindness and his native scenes had succeeded in restoring him to something of his former self ; but to Harriet Palmer's heart he had failed to win back his way. Her affection, so unchanged in absence, so devoted to the remembrance of the guileless, guiltless lover of her youth, seemed to fly the presence of the unprincipled wanderer, who had returned bending, as it were, under the weight of sin. Not for such as him

‘The prayers went up through midnight’s cheerless gloom,  
And the vain yearnings woke mid festal throng !’

Not that reproaches ever passed her lips : they would have led to justification on the other side — to the discussions she was determined to avoid. With steady and resolute firmness, she opposed Charles’ first steps toward a renewal of their former intimacy ; and in like manner evaded all private interviews, and confidential communications ; so that there soon was a tacit understanding in the family that Charles and Harriet were to be no more to each other than brother and sister. The neighbors talked the matter over, when they met to drink tea and eat short-cake, and declared that Miss Palmer was right ; that they admired her spirit ; and there was not one among them but would do just the same if she were in Harriet’s place ; with the exception of a young widow, who shook her head, and looked sentimental.

It was, therefore, quite a surprise to the whole neighborhood of gossips, when, one lovely Sunday morning, at the close of winter, a year after Charles Stanford’s return, he was seen walking to church with Miss Palmer on his arm ! Of course it was soon whispered round that the young couple must have come to an understanding at last. ‘*Young couple !*’ exclaimed the sentimental widow, contemptuously ; and then she wondered what Mr. Stanford could see to admire in that poor, faded girl, Harriet Palmer.

The subjects of these observations meanwhile *had* come to an understanding ; and that walk to church was the first mark of Harriet’s favor ; the first proof that the rigor of her disapprobation was, like the snow-drifts on the hill sides, undergoing a thaw.

On that particular Sabbath, the communion table was spread ; and when the old and beloved minister, in his robes of purest white, approached the altar, and according to custom, invited those who could not partake in the ceremony, to remain and witness it, Harriet signified to Charles her wish that he would remain. He had intended to wait for her outside of the church ; but he obeyed her request without hesitation — thinking it a small sacrifice for one he loved so well ; and the walk home alone with her afterward — was not that a sufficient reward ? — especially as Harriet consented to take the longest way, by a pleasant path they had often trod together in happier days. Charles was silent. His feelings were hushed. His heart had found its resting place at last, and he cared not to disturb the heavenly calm. Harriet was the first to speak : ‘I have one more condition to make with you, dear Charles ;’ and he told her, half playfully, to beware of conditions, after all her former scruples had cost them both. But there was a firmness of will about Harriet,

which with a different disposition might have amounted to obstinacy; and Charles felt that her mind was made up, when she told him she never could consent to be his wife, till he had undergone so complete a reformation, as to approach with a pure heart the altar before which she had knelt, and found consolation in her severest trials. Charles was in no mood to harden his heart against her pious suggestions, and he promised to give the subject his serious consideration. Need it be added, that Charles joined the church of which Harriet had long been a valued member, and that for the few years he lived, he did all in his power to atone to God and to society, for his past errors.

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LA FRANÇAISE.

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BY J. AQUAMARINE, V. Q. S.

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I.

Ma jeune Française is passing fair,  
 With witching eyes of heavenly blue,  
 Which, through the shade of clustering hair,  
 Sparkle like sapphires bathed in dew.  
 When first I saw 'ma jeune Française,'  
 Her fingers touched the 'light guitar,'  
 And 'neath the moon she poured her lay,  
 While gazed like me each listening star:  
 Ma belle Française !

II.

'Neath that soft light, her face upturned  
 Shone bright with inspiration's beam,  
 While on her lips the numbers burned  
 Of thy wild strain, 'L'amante du Rheims.'  
 The voice was sweet that poured that strain,  
 Those eyes were bright when turned above;  
 But sweeter tones proclaimed her mine,  
 And brighter eyes confessed her love:  
 Ma chère Française !

III.

Seemed, as the strings it lightly kissed,  
 That little hand, 'the mould of form ;'  
 But lovelier far, when mine it pressed,  
 With lingering clasp, in answer warm.  
 Like fragrant dew 'mid that soft air,  
 From those sweet lips the numbers fell;  
 But sweeter dew I tasted there,  
 While from them breathed a fonder spell:  
 Aimée Française !

IV.

With gentle rise and zone-curbed bound,  
 Swelled soft that Hebe-moulded breast;  
 Softer, when pillowed there, I've found  
 A happy, blissful couch of rest.  
 'And from such charms man ne'er could part,'  
 Methinks you'll say, my reader fair:  
 I gave her back her wandering heart,  
 And she gave me — a lock of hair!  
 Fidele Française !

## THE SYMPATHIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF WIELAND.

## I.

BEAUTIFUL Celia, you do not yet know your tenderest lover ! Your enchanting beauty has collected around you a swarm of cringing slaves, but they do not love you. How little must you comprehend your own value, if you should become proud in consequence of their attentions ! They do not love you, Celia. It is a grosser feeling that animates their rivalry. Each one of your charms, in their eyes, promises its own peculiar zest, its own peculiar rapture. These suitors regard you in the same light as Eve considered the apple, which appeared to her delightful to the eye, and yet more so to the taste. But *I*, who never saw you with my physical eyes, I can only consider you with my mental vision, and this reveals, beneath your earthly form, something more beautiful than beauty itself. Flowers, pictures, and statues, I may admire ; but this heavenly gift, which elevates your visible presence as much above all other beauties, as an angel excels a butterfly, this divine possession, entirely captivates my heart. Without flattering you, (for wherefore should an ethereal lover a genius flatter ?) I will direct your attention to more noble objects than the untiring worshippers of your youthful charms can place before you. I could wish to inspire your heart with an elevated pride, that will place you far beyond each rosy-cheeked maiden, in whom either nature or education has forgotten to elaborate the chiefest perfection ; whose whole history may be summed up in a few words : who bloom, are plucked, and wither. Reflect, that you are advancing to an age, when the world will consider you either with approving or censorious eyes. Your beauty will attract toward you an attention of which mere beauty is not worthy. It is time, therefore, that you should learn the true object of your existence. If the force of sympathy is rightly comprehended by me, reflection is at this moment whispering to your soul that which I now think.

Lovely Celia, the whole world is a shadow ; a reflection of immortality, which alone is eternal and divine. Your soul is the image of the divinity, your person the image of your soul. These colors, these graces, are the lustre with which it invests the body, and by means of which it should effect its proper objects. Beauty is a promise by which the soul is bound to entertain no thought that is not great, noble, and elevating. It is the talisman by which others should be made attentive to the lessons of virtue. For one possessed of beauty should be a tutoress ; teaching by the example that she sets. Virtue, which, invested with beauty, moves among mankind, enters into their interests and passions, and is plainly to be observed by them, pleases more, touches more tenderly, and drives its arrows deeper into the heart, than when arrayed in all the imposing wisdom of the schools, or in the enchanting diction of a Richardson. Modesty appears more engaging when it blushes upon lovely cheeks ; the expression of feelings, that betray a gentle disposition and goodness of heart, sounds more sweetly when proceeding from ruby lips ;

and how does a beautiful eye enrapture us, when, beaming with earnest, undissembled emotion, it is raised in prayer toward the throne of the Almighty, and the pious reflections that well forth from the devout mind are revealed with a bright and dazzling splendor in its glances. If wisdom, if innocence, if humility, if the noble sentiments, which belief in the religion of Christ induces, operate with all their power upon hearts already softened and overcome by mere personal beauty, how can they do otherwise than admire this higher excellence? And in each elevated soul, from admiration will arise love, from love, emulation. O, Celia, what a benefactress to mankind could you not become! How many fools you might shame, who are not able to believe that unconquerable virtue may reside in a tender heart, at the same time with youth! How many could you not oblige to honor Virtue against their will! How many who once feared her, would then, attracted by your charms, view her more closely, and consent to worship at her shrine! How would the mere rarity of the sight attract attention; the world would believe that it was an angel appearing among men, to teach them by example. Then perhaps, beauty and wisdom, when united, might touch those thoughtless persons, who are too foolish to love virtue for its own sake. O, Celia, disappoint not the design of the Creator who formed thee! Do not so employ the graces of your person, that they will be but syrens, inviting us to death!

Forgive, forgive, oh, beautiful friend! my honest earnestness. I know that you would rather lose all the lustre of your charms, than that a moral deformity should be concealed behind so beautiful a mask; the venom of the serpent lie hidden beneath the flowers. I see even more. A noble thirst for knowledge flashes from your eyes: an awakening consciousness of the dignity of your own nature, a crowd of lofty presentiments, excite the pulses of your heart. You despise the male insects which flutter around you, in whatsoever garb they may choose to glitter. You long after the applause of the king and ruler of the world, who alone dives into the labyrinth of our inclinations, and alone is fitted to judge of our actions. With how novel a beauty will you enhance our now deformed world! How much will the friends of virtue love you! What a heaven will that fortunate person, to whom destiny shall award you, as a reward for his virtue, find in your possession! How blessed will be the lot of those, whom, with maternal care, you shall rear in the paths of innocence and virtue. You will be a Byron, in your youthful days, and a venerated Shirley, when the hand of time shall whiten your locks; and although age may deprive your cheeks of their roses, it will never be able to efface the harmonious expression of your features.

## II.

WHEREFORE, oh, Alceste! is your countenance, which Nature intended for the expression of benevolent feelings, overshadowed by a cloud of discontent? Whence those impatient glances, those moody frowns upon a brow, which was created serene and smooth? What is it that has vexed you?

'All mankind. Men are monsters, whom one must either hate or despise. Their folly, their vice, their wild fancies, their senseless dis-

tinctions, their deceit, and their wickedness, are no longer supportable. You may examine them in any point of view, and find nothing in their nature worthy of regard. They may have been estimable when they came in their primal innocence, fresh from the hands of the Creator. But as they soon thereafter became, and yet remain, you will find them not to be tolerated. They boast of an understanding, whose dictates they never pursue, and admire virtue the more, the less they desire to practice it. So long as affairs proceed according to their wishes, they are conceited and proud, attributing every success to their own wisdom and prudence, but the moment that any misfortune befalls them, they sink despairing to the earth, and lament the consequences of their folly, as the unavoidable decrees of fate. They are continually avoiding self-examination, and seek happiness in all manner of ways, save only that in which it is to be found. They pay no respect to truth. The most abominable error, clothed in an agreeable mask, pleases them more than truth, which is most beautiful when unadorned. They mutiny against the commands of the Most High, in whom they place no faith, until his thunders remind them of his power, or until, at the approach of death, they are driven, as if by fairies armed with whip of serpents, from a consciousness of their evil deeds to his judgment seat. They are perpetually making laws, and examining in search of that which is just; they make laws that are to restrain their vices, and those vices are their only rule of action. Many do not fear to become villains in the face of heaven and earth, and the remainder, who are not yet lost to all shame, have invented a false virtue, in order to conceal their degradation, and preferred it to that true virtue, of which they have neither knowledge nor comprehension. The wretches! Religion itself, which promises them an eternity of bliss, if they will only do that which they would be compelled by necessity to do, were there no heaven, even religion has not been able to induce them to become wise. What a confusion, what a turmoil of moral discord, exists throughout the human race! What a glorious creature would man be, if he were only that which he should be! The angel of the earth! But what is he now, when it were injustice to the beasts of the field to compare them with him! Now that he is changed from a wise, beneficent, tender being, to a cruel, proud, unjust monster; whom nature does not acknowledge as her offspring, and would gladly spurn into chaos, where alone his equal can possibly be found.

‘Enough, enough, Alceste; you might in this point of view, and in this strain, slander mankind from the rising of the sun to its setting. But what inference do you draw from all this?’ ‘What other, than that it is torture to an upright mind, to live among such abominations, and either, silent as a statue that is not shaded, look calmly upon their shameful actions, or be obliged, if one opens his lips, to point out at each turn, their stupid pride, their sophistical knowledge, and their revengeful malice. Can any one, possessed of understanding and honesty, remain indifferent? No! I am not willing that a fruitless anger shall devour me. I will go forth into a desert, into an impassable wilderness, where the free turf has never withered beneath the footsteps of this venomous creature. Lions and tigers may have

their dens around me ; serpents and dragons may hiss in my ears ; but freed from the sight of man, I can imagine myself in a paradise.'

'And this then is your determination ? In this manner you are about to better your condition.' By your own wisdom to correct the faults of that Providence which has placed you among men ? Without doubt you will far excel the miracles of Orpheus, and by the magical power of your philosophy, qualify wild beasts to become your companions ! Believe me, when you have no one to whom you can disclose your meditations, no one who will love or applaud, Time will fly with leaden wings. To converse with trees like lovers in romances, is agreeable for but a very short period. But allow me at least to inquire of you what may have been the cause of this bitterness toward all mankind ? Acknowledge candidly that you have been slandered by some villain, by some person to whom every one denies understanding and honesty, and who has notwithstanding found those who would place confidence in him. It is this that has touched you so closely ! It is indeed an evil action, but it is one that should not have been able to excite so violent a storm of passion in the breast of a wise man ; for you will readily admit that it is very unjust to vent that anger upon all, which has only been deserved by one.

Yes, you reply ; if I did not know that the remainder are quite as wicked as this one ! What is there to object to the truth of the picture I have drawn ? Perhaps very much. But now answer me this question : are there no virtuous men in this world ? Yes, you reply, but there are so few of them that they cannot be compared with the number of the vicious. You judge very hastily. A single virtuous man outweighs a hell of the wicked. But wherefore do you make the number of the virtuous so small ? Do you not know some yourself ? And are those that you do not know, so much the fewer ? How if their number should be much greater in the records of heaven ? And should not a single virtuous man give a well regulated mind so much pleasure, that the sight of a thousand vicious ones would not lessen it ? Let me speak frankly, Alceste ; you love candor toward you. Has not a fit of passion, which may have a less noble origin than you appear to think, clouded your mental vision ? You surely know the nature of the passions. They exaggerate, they give circumstances that form which best suits their purposes ; they are the most ancient and most skilful sophists. Heated by a religious frenzy, the follower of Mahomet sees in the sanguinary conflict a heaven of black-eyed beauties ; overcome by fear, the coward sees and hears naught but spectres around him ; governed by passion, you see naught but mean folly and vice, naught but disorder reigning throughout the world. Has the world appeared to you at all times thus hateful ? You blush. But yesterday, as you returned from the beautiful Delia, every thing appeared agreeable to you ; every thing around you breathed of heaven ; you dreamed of nothing but innocence and tenderness. The world is equally blameless, whether you view it in a better or worse light than it deserves. View it as it is, and accustom yourself to consider it with the eyes of a Christian, and it will again bloom before you with the beauty of an Eden. This is more than mere worldly wisdom can compass : that may render us patient, but it is piety alone that can make us contented. Do you imagine



that the Creator would suffer this world to exist for another moment, if he did not find therein an excellence agreeable to his sight, a goodness that overbalances its evil? Do you believe that the Son of God descended in vain, to collect for himself an unreal congregation of the pious, and sacrificed his life, that thereby the ancient claim of Heaven to the earth might remain valid? Shame upon your unreflecting indignation, which slanders the divinity, when it only thought to censure mankind! And how does this bitterness toward your fellow creatures, agree with the benevolence which you should yourself manifest, since you condemn so severely the want of it in others? I do not ask you to be a friend to mankind, as long as you shall find them deserving of your hate. But as an inhabitant of the earth, you are not permitted to do even an insect injustice. If then you cannot prove your charges upon each and every individual, and it should be found that man is possessed of virtues that far outweigh his vices, then you will be, according to the judgment of your own heart, an exceedingly unrighteous being, and no one will less willingly than yourself, after such conviction, continue to thunder forth censures, thus unmercifully, upon the failings of your brethren. Allow me for a moment to represent your conscience, and to direct your attention to yourself. Examine your past life, and tell me then whether you can deny your relationship to mankind? How much folly will this self-examination disclose in your own bosom! Perhaps you will find that mankind would really only deserve to be despised, in case each one, in the proportion to the capacity and qualifications which have been granted to him for his improvement, were to have as many faults as yourself. I see how ashamed this consideration makes you. I will not press you farther with my arguments. But I hope you will reflect deeply upon the precept of the Divine founder of Christianity, when, with a profound insight into human nature, he strenuously exhorted his disciples to humility. Humility, or self-knowledge, is the best antidote against a misanthropy such as yours, which, it is true, arises from an inclination toward virtue, but is swollen by pride into a passion that slanders mankind, and is a species of rebellion against Providence.

X. Y. Z.

## SONNET.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.'

SWEETLY they passed along the desert road,  
 (Faithful and Christian,) toward the blissful bourne,  
 Though many a thorn their tender feet had torn,  
 Ere they arrived before that bright abode:  
 And foes without, and foes, alas! within,  
 Beset their steps through all the weary way,  
 Still journeying onward, did they sing and pray,  
 For grace to baffle all the snares of sin:  
 So passing on, with hopeful hearts elate,  
 They reach the mansions of eternal rest,  
 Their Lord receives them, each a happy guest,  
 And myriad welcomes crowd the golden gate!  
 Oh, that their pilgrim zeal might fire our road,  
 And wing the progress of our souls to God!

Newburyport, (Mass.)

G. L.



## IMMORTALITY.

Oh, I shall live for ever ! I read it in the sky,  
 Yes, I shall live for ever ! I shall not wholly die :  
 I see my home in heaven, I see it in yon cloud,  
 The stars reveal my destiny, in accents clear and loud !

Whene'er sweet music cheers me, of instrument or bird,  
 I feel my immortality, as if the gift I heard  
 Proclaim'd by angel's trumpet, or written on a scroll  
 I saw my glorious destiny — what happiness, my soul !

When the new spring is decking the woods, the hills, and fields,  
 Where late the dreary winter had set his icy seals,  
 A new assurance fills my heart; in ecstasy I cry,  
 ' Oh no, I know I cannot, I cannot wholly die !'

The gaily-painted butterfly, emerging on the wing,  
 Seems token from kind Providence, that I again shall spring  
 From out my earthly covering, and rise to upper sky ;  
 Then, too, I think I cannot, I cannot wholly die !

'Tis night on earth, but heaven looks clearer than by day;  
 'Tis when the world is shaded, we see the distant ray :  
 Our mortal passions oft conceal the higher aim of man,  
 As the sun forbids us longer the higher stars to scan.

'Tis mostly by the star-light this ecstasy I find;  
 Then thoughts of immortality come fittest to the mind :  
 The earth seems sleeping quietly, and other worlds arise,  
 And do their message to the soul — the soul that never dies !

J. N. B.

## THE MISER.

## A SKETCH.

'THERE is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.'

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

It is more pleasing to depict the life of the good man, but light and shade make up the painter's canvass. I knew a miser, a churl; the hereditary bondsman of a master passion. Seventy years of solitary selfishness had procured him the merited contempt of the world. It is easier to look upon the boldest villany, than upon an inconceivable littleness of soul. His enormous wealth was like a great pool, dammed up and stagnant, and never yielding one precious drop to fertilize the earth. He was a recluse, a stranger to the ties which bind one to friends and kindred, and thence, by a thousand sweet linkings, to the whole family of man. Possessing nothing in common, and living supremely to himself, he was a constant exemplification that 'There is which withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.'

As the epicure revels upon a rich feast, so he gloated upon his wealth. Ah ! it was pleasant, when no eye was gazing, when his doors were barred, and only the dim light stole in, which he regarded with jealousy, to bring it forth from its mysterious corners, dark holes,

hidden nooks ; to count it, to recount it, to touch it. Its music was sweeter than that of the spheres. He thought of it all day — he dreamed of it all night. It was the solitary idea which filled up his whole soul — his only darling — his life — his light — his poetry — his star. His existence was a stagnant pool, a dead sea ; no breeze ever stirred its waters into commotion. The hopes, the fears, the joys, and the ambition of other men, were narrowed down into one hope, one fear, one joy, and one ambition. While the expansive energies or benevolence of some minds have found the world itself too contemptible a theatre, his was compressed into a very speck, a point, possessing 'ample room and verge enough' within the limits of his coffers. From that sordid prison-house it went forth on no errands of mercy. It was enough that the same bounds which held him there, a willing slave, forbade the entrance of another.

I have thought that a mother's affection surpassed every other passion of the human heart. But I considered not the miser's unremitting, soul-engrossing, self-denying love. I thought not of the piercing cry, 'My ducats, my ducats, my golden ducats !' more agonizing than that of 'My son, my son !' Like a fond parent, he could not let the light of his eyes go from him, lest the image that he loved to gaze on, should be tarnished ; neither would he barter it for the world's comforts. He knew not the luxuries, nor even the commonest necessities, of life. The premises on which he lived, had a poverty-stricken air. The house presented a strange contrast with the gay tenements of his neighbors. No cheerful paint adorned it. True, it had once received a coat, but that could not last away, and the expenditure was too fearful to be renewed. Smoke was scarce seen to issue from the chimney, nor ever came it forth in a rich, dark volume, but in a lean, curling, silvery, vanishing streak. Within, all things were alike cheerless. The one inhabited apartment was like a prisoner's dreary cell. There was no sound, save the voice of the cricket from the hearth. A flock-bed, a few broken utensils, a table, and a chair, in the last stage of dissolution, made up all its furniture.

His garden, which scarce had the appearance of such, contained a few scrubby vegetables, such as the gardens of Nova Zembla might produce. Yet they were quite enough for him who was guilty of a worse gluttony. Some fruit trees struggled with the thin soil, but the fruit scarcely had heart to ripen ; it dropped withered, or worm-eaten, on the ground. The very dog looked as if he found few crumbs beneath his master's table. Lean, cadaverous, and morose, he lay snarling on the threshold ; he was too poor to bark aloud. And yet there was some mysterious sympathy, some misery of his own to brood over, which kept him at his post. Attached to the premises, was a cow. She was a very picture, and chewed the perpetual cud of despair. Her bones were eloquent. The milk which a generous creature yields up without stint and willingly, appeared in her case a very robbery. And at last the horn-distemper seized on her, and she went down to death. He took what he could take — her skin ; and that was depriving the rattling bones of all which they possessed. What a cow ! Had she fed in the Pontine marshes ? So any one might have thought. Yet she starved within sight of the neighboring plenty, and when every breeze wafted the smell of clover to her nostrils. From that time,

no milk ever moistened the lips of the miser. He had a fountain of brackish water, and in that he dipped his earthen mug.

At premises so forbidding in their aspect, the unfortunate man and the beggar scarcely had the hardihood to apply. On his portals were written, as in blazing characters, *BEGONE!* To unloose his purse-strings would have been more hard than to relax the polar ices, or to unlock the iron grasp of death. Three score years and ten did he live, and in all that time he never knew the luxury of doing good. He never fed the hungry, clothed the naked, nor listened to the importunate voice of despair. Did the sick or the dying man lie in his path-way, and accost him, he turned a deaf ear to his supplications, and leaving him to some good Samaritan, passed by on the other side.

A sister lay in a neighboring town, bed-ridden, needy, and ready to die. She pronounced the endearing word 'brother,' and said 'give, give.' But the 'genial current' of his soul was frozen. With brows contracted, first clenched, lips compressed, he shook his hoary head, and slowly turned upon his heel. In a few days after, she was carried to the grave. He followed on, and shed a *tear*; a bright, sparkling, affectionate tear.

With his neighbors he never mingled in social intercourse. They beheld him only in the distance, and with scorn. What cared he for crops whose harvest was already garnered? When the Sunday bells rang cheerily, and the old and the young, their faces beaming with gratitude, flocked to the temple of God, *he* devoutly worshipped at home. He had an altar there, a glittering altar. With greater rapture than the Christian bows down to his God, did he worship his gold, and the prayer which he offered up was this, that it would never leave him nor forsake him.

He lit no lamps, he burned no oil. Was there not light enough in the day-time to perform the little business of his life? When night came on, and the cold winds of winter whistled through the crannies, he covered up the embers with a wise economy, and slunk away into bed. Twenty times in a night, would he wake up in trepidation. He thought he heard the step of the robber. It might not be, and yet it might be. It were better to set his mind at rest. So he rose up shivering from his couch, laid his hand upon his treasures, then soothed his heart with the watchman's cry, 'All's well, all's well.'

Old age at last stole upon him, and the time arrived when in the course of nature he must die. But the ruling passion was strong in death. He only hugged his treasures the closer. They became his bed-fellows. As the sick and petulant man, who cannot bear to be alone, he said to them, 'Leave me not; stay with me, for I have but a short time to live.' His hands could still count them over, and when his hands were palsied, his glaring eye could still drink in their splendor. In delirium his mind wandered — but not from his gold. He said that he was going into a far country; he must make great preparations; he must provide sacks, and an escort of armed men, for there were robbers by the way. Then he murmured, I know not what, confusedly, of treasures on earth — ah! how much better to have provided treasures in heaven — and departed to his own

abode. His features retained their expression in death, as if a sculptor had carved them from the rigid marble.

Thus he lived despised, thus he died unlamented. His negative virtue was his positive crime. He had done no evil, he had effected no good. No friend hung with solicitude over his sick bed. No mourner followed him to the grave. None ever had occasion to remember him with affection, and the best charity was to forget that he had lived.

Such a life who would lead? Such a character who would envy? Other vices admit the exercise of redeeming virtues, and their victims we love, we pity, we condemn. This cannot. It wraps up the whole soul; it lies at the fountain-head of all benevolence, not like other vices embittering the waters, but actually forbidding them to flow. Few indeed are so entirely the slaves of the accursed lust of gold. Charity suggests that even these are laboring under a monomania, a mental disease; and that as we pity the tenants of a mad-house, so in their case, we ought to pity, yet we cannot. But if few have deserved the miser's name, with its intolerable burthen of contempt, do we not see thousands in the breathless, eager search of gold; sacrificing the flower of their youth, and the prime of their manhood, and heroically battling for it on the brink of the grave, as if it were the grandest object of their lives? They rise up early, they retire late; they make haste to gather winged riches, and at last old age comes on, and the period of enjoyment is not arrived.

Oh! what is all the wealth of Cræsus, if we have not the heart to let it flow? If it does not administer to the refined enjoyments of our nature, if we stifle the rational desires of the heart; how are we so happy then, as the laborer who earns his daily bread? The surplus of our wealth remains unconverted. The prayer of Midas is comparatively realized. We touch nothing but gold. We live not while we live, abstaining from what renders life desirable; the festivity of friends — the delight of books — the recreation of travelling through foreign parts — the culture of the arts — and the tasteful adornment of our grounds. How few cubic inches of ductile gold would rescue acres from thorns and briars, and render them beautiful as the gardens of SHENSTONE!

But what is all the wealth of Cræsus, if not for a more exalted purpose; if not to shed on others the beams of our prosperity and to encourage the generous emotions of the heart? To go to the houses of mourning, to the abodes of the sick and the aged, whose pangs are rendered keener by penury, to succor them, and smooth their pathway to the grave, these are the peculiar privileges and luxuries of the rich. Oh! 'for treasures of silver and gold' to indulge in somewhat beside empty boastings! Ye who grope in the depth of poverty, and drink the world's obloquy, 'a bitter draught,' who pray with intensest earnestness to Heaven, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' smiles and sunshine should scatter your darkness, the spirit of joy be assumed for heaviness, and the desert of your hearts should 'blossom as the rose.' Oh! who would hesitate to barter his treasures for blessings, or for the gratitude of hearts too full for utterance? Who would withhold the happy gift which is 'twice blessed' — which 'blesseth him that gives, and him that takes?'

But if the cheerful giver receives no return for his benevolence,

nay, if evil redounds to him for good, there is a small approving voice within, silent, impalpable, soothing as heart-melody. Virtue has its *own* reward. What though no trumpet blazon our charities, though 'our left hand know not what our right hand doeth,' it is enough to have within us an unblemished mind, and to be acquitted at our own tribunal.

#### THE DYING ARTIST.

The air was faint with perfume of the flowers,  
And the soft music of a wind-harp stole  
Through slender columns to the fretted roof;  
The sunset hues of famed Italian skies  
Lit with a glory every marbled niche  
That shined the ideal of the sculptor's dreams.  
A snowy vase, an antique gem, from which  
The withered roses fell, stood near the couch  
Of one, whose dark eye flashed with spirit's fire;  
Half chiselled, lay the light and wavy form  
Of Music's goddess; in her hand the lyre,  
A flowery coronal entwreaths her brow,  
And oh, that look! — as if she listening heard  
Sounds of Elysium. The dying artist  
On that spiritual beauty bends his gaze,  
Dreams of Athenian Phideas, and him  
Of Crete, who hung enamored o'er the stone,  
Until his clasp had warmed it into life.  
A thousand visions cluster round his heart;  
The past! — the *lost*! Oh, madness harbors there!

'Fame's laurel on my brow,  
An icy chill, and sickness at my heart,  
A longing to depart  
From this sad world, what boots Fame's laurel now!

'My inspiration gone,  
The fountain sealed; the eye in whose pure light  
My praises sweetly shone,  
Sleeps an unbroken sleep in death's cold night!

'They praised the marbled form,  
And gazed with wonder on the sculptor's art,  
She knew his soul was warm,  
And that her image nestled in his heart.

'And when the Parian stone,  
With lips half-parted, seemed to move with life,  
She felt 't was love alone,  
That chiselled aught so like his promised wife.

'The feverish dream is past,  
Broken the heart, just when the goal is won;  
The struggle cannot last;  
No voice is welcome, now that hers is gone.

'Spirit of beauty! still  
Thy visions linger round their wonted haunt,  
And wild, sweet warblings fill  
Mine ear, while they a holy requiem chant.

'I go, that rest to find  
Which here I knew not, casting from my brow  
Fame's laurel to the wind,  
Alas! — alas! — what boots the trophy now?

J. C.

## THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

IGNORANCE OF IT A PRINCIPAL CAUSE OF THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF EMPIRICISM.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

'SIN,' says an eminent divine, 'is the transgression of the law, and is the cause of all existing misery.' We may go farther, and say, that it has been, and is, the cause of all misery, past, present, and to come. In nearly all cases, we transgress through ignorance; ignorance of our true interests, or of that which constitutes our real happiness. Man was created upright, but he has 'sought out many inventions,' and the first act of disobedience, in the garden of Eden, was occasioned by a thirst for knowledge. With this inherent and universal longing, with what propriety shall we accuse him of perverse ignorance on subjects connected with his moral and physical happiness? It is even so. He may grasp the field of science, descend into the bowels of the earth, circumnavigate the globe, ascend into the higher regions of air, in short, lay open the great book of nature, where on every page are blended the sublimest truths with all that can gratify the eye, or delight the taste. He may cultivate the intellect to the highest point of perfection, and in his insatiable thirst for knowledge, consume the midnight oil, or endure the most fatiguing and laborious researches, and yet be ignorant of his true and best interests, or of the simple laws that govern and animate his organic system. He cannot, however, neglect or violate those laws, without sooner or later feeling the effects of such violation. 'The longer we live in this world,' says Dr. James Johnson, 'and the more narrowly we watch the ways and the fate of man, the more we shall be convinced, that vice does *not* triumph here below; that pleasure is invariably pursued by pain; that riches and penury incur nearly the same degree and kind of taxation; and that the human frame is as much enfeebled by idleness, as it is exhausted by labor.' The body, which is the habitation of the soul, is not beneath the consideration of the sage. Man was created in the express image of his Maker; shall he then neglect the workmanship of His hands, or willfully abuse his prototype? He who affects to despise the casket that contains the gem, errs equally with the epicure, who, in tones of sensuality, exclaims, 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry.' Both act against the laws of nature, and both must pay the penalty.

Many persons seem to think an attention to health a mark of effeminacy of character. The man who boasts of never 'doctoring a cold,' will yet loudly lament, if he go through life subject to chronic complaints, that render life less a blessing than a curse. Now if that man had taken pains to inform himself of his anatomical and physiological structure, of the derangement that a single cold can produce in the vital organs of life, we confidently assert, that so far from boasting of his neglect, he would anxiously aid his physician in restoring the excited organs to a healthy action. If we should sedulously inquire, in each particular instance, into the cause of the sickness, pain, and premature death, or derangement of the corporeal



frame, in youth and middle life, which we see common around us, and endeavor to discover whether it has originated in obedience to the physical and organic laws, or sprung from infringement of them, we shall be able to form some estimate how far bodily suffering is justly attributable to imperfections of nature, and how far to our own ignorance, and neglect of divine institutions. We do not ask men to become anatomists, or botanists, or chemists; although if time and inclination led to such pursuits, they would find it to their own advantage;\* but we do urge upon them the necessity of understanding their physiological structure; and though a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, it is infinitely better than none, for it may possibly stimulate its possessor to acquire more.

When we consider 'what a piece of work is man;' how delicate the machinery, and how various and complicated the springs of action; how liable to become deranged and thrown into disorder; how fine and sensitive the parts that compose the whole; well indeed may we exclaim, with the good old Dr. Watts:

'Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long!'

But when we look a little farther, and consider the ignorance that exists among all classes on this subject, and the abuses to which the healing art is subjected, even by its own members, exclusive of pretenders to the science, we wonder not at the sacrifice of human life. The only way in which the evil can be remedied, is for people to inform themselves, as we have before said, of their physical structure, in connection with physiology. They will then be better able to judge of the pretensions of physicians, and they will learn to discriminate between the man of science and humanity, whose years have been devoted to the study of the human system, and to the melioration of their distresses; and the superficial student, who probably never was in a dissecting room, whose knowledge is merely from books, and those of the fewest possible number; or the unblushing quack, who comes armed with a powder of lobelia, and a cup of Cayenne pepper infusion, to cure the 'thousand ills that flesh is heir to.' We do not claim for ourselves or brethren infallibility. Human judgment is liable to err, and, 'it is appointed unto all men once to die,' but by employing none but men who have received a regular education, and who are duly experienced, they will have the satisfaction of

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\* 'The idea of men in general being taught natural philosophy, anatomy, and physiology, political economy, and the other sciences that expound the natural laws, has been sneered at, as utterly absurd and ridiculous. But I would ask, in what occupations are human beings so urgently engaged, that they *have no leisure* to bestow on the Creator's laws? A course of natural philosophy would occupy sixty or seventy hours in the delivery; a course of anatomy and physiology the same; and a course of phrenology can be delivered pretty fully in forty hours! These twice or thrice repeated, would serve to initiate the student, so that he could afterward advance in the same paths, by the aid of observation and books. Is life, then, so brief, and are our hours so urgently occupied by higher and more important duties, that we cannot afford these pittance of time to learn the laws that regulate our existence? No! The only difficulty is in obtaining the *desire* for the knowledge; for when that is attained, time will not be wanting. No idea can be more preposterous, than that of human beings having no time to study and obey the natural institutions. These laws punish so severely when neglected, that they cause the offender to lose ten fold more time in undergoing his chastisement than would be requisite to obey them.'

COMBEE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.



having availed themselves of all the resources of skill or knowledge, in warding off the fatal blow, and of palliating, where recovery is impossible.

Again, we do not war with the articles, but with the men who use them. Lobelia and red pepper are valuable components of our *materia medica*, but there are many other articles equally as good. Arsenic is useful in some cases, but should we on this account prescribe it indiscriminately? In diet, who has not observed that certain articles will at one time afford wholesome nutriment, and at another time occasion much inconvenience? What agrees with one person, disagrees with another. It has passed into a proverb, that 'what is one man's meat, is another man's poison.' Are Cayenne pepper, then, and lobelia, the only objection to this general rule, or can people be so absurd as to imagine, that one set of remedies, will cure at all times, and all diseases? Does not nature teach them differently? We know that those who employ those remedies, use every effort to make converts to their absurd views, and with the ignorance that prevails on subjects connected with medical science, this is no difficult task. It is not alone the uneducated or the ignorant, so called, who become the dupes of these charlatans; but men of the soundest minds, and most extensive acquirements, whose judgment in the ordinary affairs of life are indisputable, will suffer themselves to be deluded by gross quackery. Men who boast of never having made a foolish business transaction, do not hesitate to place their own lives, or the lives of their dearest connexions, in the hands of an ignorant quack, who leads captive not only silly women, but also silly men. To what can we attribute this recklessness, but to a most unpardonable ignorance of the human system? Were men to bestow but a small portion of the time spent in considering how they may jump into a fortune, by some sweeping speculation, to an investigation of their own frames, on the soundness of which depends their enjoyment of the very riches they are struggling, right or wrong, to obtain, we should no longer be overrun with the thousand miserable pretenders to medical science, with which we are now infested. I said thousands, but their name is legion! — from rain-water and steam doctors, down to the latest and most absurd of all humbugs, homœopathy. But people will learn in time — after a few more lives have been sacrificed; and if the man of science pines in neglect, while the shameless empiric rides in his carriage, let him console himself that the evil will one day work its own cure.

Dr. TICKNOR, in his late works, 'Exposition of Quackery,' has labored to impress upon his readers the importance of this subject, and has ably exposed most of the quackery that at present exists. Such works are much needed, and the author is entitled to the thanks of the profession, and of the public, for this plain and comprehensive treatise. We do not fear men becoming too wise, or that our profession will suffer by it. We believe that physicians are oftener foiled in practice, from the ignorance of mothers or nurses, than from any other cause. They think it very fine to 'cheat the doctor,' by throwing away medicines that taste unpleasantly, or produce nausea: and we think, too, that medical men are greatly to blame for much of this ignorance. Let a physician explain to his patients or attendants,

the nature of the disease, and the action of the remedies he proposes to use, and most persons will comprehend him. I grant that this will not always be the case; magic and mystery possess singular influence over some minds, and physicians too often taking advantage of this credulity, encourage it by their deportment. If such physicians find themselves, in time, superseded by still greater mystifiers, let them not complain; they have fostered a love for the marvellous, and must feel the effects of credulity.

Our author inquires: 'Would any man in his senses send a watch to a stone-mason to repair?' And we continue: 'Would he entrust the building of a Grecian temple to a wood-cutter, or send a Latin thesis to an ignorant peasant to translate?' Yet we every day see men, self-styled doctors, who three months previously were behind counters, or in the work-shop, and ignorant of all but the rudiments of education, prescribing with consummate effrontery at the bed-side of helpless infancy, or prostrate adult nature. Who are to blame for this? Not the quack, certainly; for if he found no support, he would be compelled to return to his original obscurity; but those who employ him, and who think a doctor is a doctor, authorized or unauthorized. It is really not more disgusting to the physician to read the senseless puffs of empirics, than to see the avidity with which their medicines are sought after, and without knowing an article of which they are composed, greedily swallowed. They will thrust aside medicines of known and tried efficacy, compounded by a careful pharmacopolist, for the new and the unknown, and these in their turn must give place to something else. None but a practitioner would believe the amount of prejudice and credulity that prevails among mankind on these subjects; and many times he would abandon his profession in despair, did not a sense of duty to the community urge his continuance in a calling that costs money as well as time to attain. But what encouragement does the physician receive over the quack? If he performs his duty to the poor as well as to the rich, he pays a heavy tax; one third of his income, at least, he must consider lost. In the country, where physicians are not so well paid as day-laborers, this is felt with peculiar force; and when we recollect that of all bills, a doctor's is paid the most unwillingly, and generally the last, his case is far from enviable. But money is not always a compensation for the services of a faithful and feeling physician; and when he is ungratefully and abruptly discharged, to make way for a pretender, an injury has been inflicted on his moral sensibilities, greater than the thoughtless and prejudiced can conceive.

It is useless to urge, that cures have been performed by empirics and by patent medicines, after physicians have failed to succeed. Every person of observation is aware of the great influence which mind possesses over matter, and of the power of faith. But in addition to this, these cures are generally of chronic complaints, and after the patient has been scientifically treated. The cure not being immediate, he resorts to a quack, who reaps the benefit of his predecessor's skill, and claims all the honor. A lady had been for many years afflicted with a scrofulous complaint, which, not occasioning much uneasiness, she neglected. At length, the difficulty increasing,

she applied to a physician of undoubted skill. The remedies he employed were operating surely but slowly on the system; too slowly for the patience of the lady, who discharged her physician, and placed herself under the care of a man who followed the honest calling of a blacksmith, but who was fortunate enough to be a seventh son. He had already performed wonders, and people now crowded to him from all parts. He assured his new patient that he could cure her quicker than she could say 'Jack Robinson,' and that, too, without using any medicine whatever. Accordingly, she submitted to his manipulations, and strange to say, she grew decidedly and rapidly better! Now, it would be utterly impossible to make this lady or her friends believe, that the blacksmith had no hand in her cure; which was entirely owing to the medicine previously administered having had time to perform its office.

'But how are we to know this?' may be asked. First, by recollecting that the age of miracles has passed, and that with the last witch buried in New-England, expired the efficacy of charms and incantations; and in the next place, by informing themselves of their own natures. We have heard of members of Congress who carried in their pockets a box of pills, to use after partaking too freely of the pleasures of the table. If they must indulge in excesses, this practice is probably as good as any they could adopt; but with all due deference, we would observe, that if they are as ignorant of the affairs and wants of the nation, as of their own structure, alas for the government! And when the tone of the stomach is destroyed, and they become the victims of dyspepsia, with its numerous horrors, they will find that the effects of this abuse on the system cannot be removed by a portion, or by many portions, of any patent medicine, however highly recommended.

But are not regular physicians becoming convinced of the inefficacy of their own measures, and thronging the banners of steam and homœopathy.

When we look at the crowded state of the profession, we do not wonder at these pretended conversions. We say pretended, for no man who has learned his profession as he ought, can be deceived by such ridiculous monkery. They must live, and it is easier to chime in with the popular delusion, whatever it may be, than to stem the torrent, and consequently pocket the loss. Neither is it strange, if in villages where three or four physicians would be able to attend to the ordinary duties of their vocation, if the number should swell to twenty and upward; that among them should be found some who do not hesitate to use every unfair method of obtaining patronage, whether by dishonorable insinuations, or by undercharging. One would suppose that the last method would be the least likely to succeed. If a man has occasion to engage counsel in a matter of interest to himself, he does not usually inquire who will undertake it the cheapest, but who will be likely to do him the best service. And what is property, in comparison with health, or even life itself?

As to the exclusiveness that prevails among many of our brethren, we will observe in passing, that they may quarrel with ignorance, and rail against quackery as much as they will, and the latter will retaliate by ridiculing learned quackery, and not without reason; but until our

learning takes a practical cast, and is exercised in enlightening the ignorant, as well as benefitting them, it may as well be enclosed in a nut-shell. Any juggler who happens to recommend an article which effects a cure, will be as highly thought of. We leave subjects, however, to which Dr. Ticknor does ample justice, and turn to another of a delicate nature, and to which, like our author, we shall barely glance. We have a becoming respect for age, and when united with wisdom, yield it all due reverence; but we assert, that this feeling is liable to be abused, and that a practitioner's merits should not rest upon his age, but upon his skill and scientific knowledge. To a physician thus accomplished, whose attention is ever on the alert, and whose mind is regulated by the broadest principles of liberality, every year will bring additional information, and increased tact in the treatment of diseases; and to such a physician, the junior members of the faculty would, I am happy to say, be proud to look up. But it is too often the case, that men who have little beside age to recommend them, make their experience an offset, or more than an offset, to science.

In the country, the prejudice in favor of old doctors is excessive. You can scarcely persuade people that a faithful student in one of our large cities, who has access to alms-house and hospital practice, sees more diversity of practice in one year, than an ordinary country practitioner can possibly do in a whole life time. But it is vain to endeavor to make people believe this. Their idol possesses great experience, while many of the commonest diseases he knows only by name.

For some eight or ten years after graduating, the writer of this article was engaged in country practice, and he became acquainted in that time with instances of the most deplorable ignorance, in men who stood high in favor. A neighboring practitioner, whose veracity is unquestionable, related the following instance, that will be scarcely credited. He mentioned to an old doctor, whose 'experience' was lauded to the skies, that he had used with great success, in a particular case, the prussic acid; and inquired if he had ever made use of the remedy in the same disease. 'O yes,' was the reply, 'frequently.' 'In what proportions, doctor, did you administer the acid?' 'In tea-spoonfull doses!' was the ready answer. Now it was evident, that this man of experience was entirely ignorant of the article in question, and his interrogator took the liberty of enlightening him on the subject. A few instances of nearly similar ignorance, fell under the writer's own observation; but this is not the place to notice them, and our design is merely to show the reader that aged ignorance should not be preferred to mature, or even immature, science; that when a physician ceases to improve, and increase his knowledge, and rests entirely on the experience derived from a limited practice, he should retire from the field, to make way for those who have not yet so far approached perfection, as to think that nothing farther can be learned. The new lights in medicine, (botanic and steam doctors,) are calling loudly for reform. In this cry we cheerfully join. There is need of reform; but let this reform be, a greater amount of knowledge, not a less; and let it be diffused among the people, who may know in what hands they place the pre-

cious boon of health. Our medical periodicals are not only expensive, but are not adapted for the general reader, who would find but little interest in them; but I most earnestly recommend to the head of every family, a few books, as text-books, if they please, not as 'domestic medicines,' like Buchan's, in which every mother, and even child, may study to their own advantage, the laws that govern and animate their system; the causes of disease, and, it may be, the means of cure. Real knowledge is always modest, and the mother who learns the frail and delicate nature of the bodies and diseases to which her little ones are liable, will be in no danger, in real disease, of undertaking a cure herself; and the knowledge she will acquire from the following publications, all of which may be purchased for a few dollars, will inform her when such danger exists: 'Dewees on Children;' Combe's 'Principles of Physiology, applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education;' the 'Constitution of Man,' by the same author, and Ticknor's 'Philosophy of Living,' and the 'Exposition of Quackery,' to which we have alluded.

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HATTERAS.

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FROM 'SOUTHERN PASSAGES AND PICTURES,' AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.

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'By these soft breezes, by the odorous breath  
From groves of pine, I know that we have past  
The stormy cape!' Exclaiming thus, I leapt  
From the close cabin to the deck, with speed,  
And there, his wrath subdued, his ire at rest,  
Lay the fierce god of cloudy Hatteras,  
At length, along the deep. Our vessel ran  
Beside him, fearless; and the forms that oft  
Had trembled at the story of his storms,  
Look'd on him without dread. Yet, in his sleep,  
The sun down-blazing on his old gray head,  
There was a moody murmur of his waves,  
That spoke of ruthless power, and bade us fly  
To our far homes, with wings of moving fear,  
Not less than hope. We might not loiter long,  
Like thoughtless birds, improvident of home,  
And wand'ring, by the sunlight still seduced,  
O'er treacherous billows. No half-despot he,  
To spare in mercy in his wrathful hour.  
A thousand miles, along his sandy couch,  
The shores shall feel his wakening, and his lash  
Resound in thunder. Brooding by the sea,  
He lurks in waiting for the pressing bark,  
And every year hath its own chronicle  
Of his exactions. Cruel is the tale,  
Of the poor maiden shrieking in despair,  
Grasped in his rude embrace, and perishing,  
Ere yet she lived. Yet love survives his wrath,  
And in the night of terror and of storm,  
When his fierce winds were howling, when the ship  
Was sinking 'neath them, a fond voice was heard,  
A husband, by the billows torn away,  
That called upon the woman who had lain  
Upon his bosom, 'Where art thou, my wife!'  
And then the voice grew silent; the rude waves  
Stifled the speech; yet not before the wife  
Made answer to his ears, a sweet response,  
That waken'd them in death: 'I come to thee,  
I come to thee, dear husband — where art thou?'

She sprang to join him, and the swollen seas  
 Closed over them in death. It is my prayer,  
 That, ere he perished, she had wound her arms  
 About him, and had pressed her lip to his :  
 And it were fitting that, beneath the waves,  
 They sleep encircled in the same embrace ;  
 Her cheek upon his bosom, and his arm  
 Wrapped round her in the holy grasp of love,  
 Secure from storm, and, best assurance yet,  
 Secure from separation, evermore.

### RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE MRS. SOPHIE MANNING PHILLIPS

#### NUMBER THREE.

'25th. — HAD some sport to-day, walking Chesnut street, in company with L — , speculating, to 'the top of our bent,' as far as such casual glimpses would warrant, on the passing faces of humanity before us. What an irreparable disagreement of different eyes, forms, gaits, noses ! Fat people, with the sanguinary flood of life laced up into their cheeks and ears ; lean people, with the wadded petticoats of the age and season administered impartially to all parts of the person ; men incapable of whiskers, ambuscading the end of their nose in a marshy moustache ; those disqualified for the moustache, 'laying a flattering unction' to the turpitude of their whiskers. If all creation did ever absolutely look flimsy to me, the pleasing idea was caught in Chesnut-street.

'26th. — Nothing since last time, except a little snow-storm, vouchsafed to us again to-day, in behalf of the cracked and parching earth. Such a drought, it is said, is not in the recollection of the 'oldest inhabitant.' With what a grace the feathery particles pursue their mute dance toward the ground ! Well, we're all sinful, ministers and all ; and are extremely meritorious of 'a spell of weather.' If it were n't for theatres, and the Somnambula, and grand caravans, and such like, I'm convinced we should n't be visited with half the quantity of slop and snow. It's my belief, a body might become quite hardened, after a few undivided reflections before an old black stove, like this where I sit ; that is, 'all hopes, all feelings, all delights,' might soon be *ascertained down* to cinders, which, sifted in Reason's ash-pan, would disseminate in fine dust, which thereafter clearing away, would leave us as clean as a penny. So should we no more shrink from the bared bosom of deceit, nor bleed at the unlooked-for slight of friendship. So should we gather back from shrines near and far, our honor or our love, and care not that, in another hour, their flowers had withered beneath the curse and coldness of mortality. Wonder if I'm to open my Juno lids to-morrow upon a continuation of this snow story ? Believe I'll ask the watchman, and give him a dollar to say 'No ma'am !'

'29th. — Last time I shall notice the weather, unless an unnatural gleam of sunshine should come to 'fright me from my propriety.'



Hail, rain, frost, fog, to-day, backed by darkness, drizzle, sleet, slipperiness, devil! It's wicked to murmur and say devil, but when a sensible young woman sees every element fighting and fisting which shall make itself most abominable; when, to a benevolent vision, the ears and noses of a once white humanity appear in royal purple; when, week after week, that season usually appropriated to the blessing of light, namely, the *day-time*, can only be guessed at by the wakefulness of hens, and other feathered creatures, and one's hope of spring, at the end of February, wears 'madness on the face on't'; it is no amazement, the 'lion should be roused' in the meekest, and that we all are roaring with might and *main*, in the winter desert.'

'Entering the room just now, with considerable energy, where my olive branch lay sleeping, Miss Murphy desired me, from her *post*, by the bedside, to 'make a noise aisy!'

'MARCH 2d, half-past 10 o'clock.—Heavens, what a night! The clear cold sky, all brilliant with the moon, doth span us as a beautiful mystery! Friends I have known and loved, and see not now, my soul is with you! Remembrance, then, is not a promise vain, a hopeful mockery. Truly, the air to-night smelleth of spring; a soupçon of buds to be born into blossoms. Verily, this hath a pleasant sound. I know where the crowned Summer will come in her sceptred loveliness, to sit upon a throne unmatched in this world's glory! Pray heaven, mine eyes be there to see!

'Friday, 4th.—Moon shining yet, 'like all natur.' Just returned from Musical Fund Concert; favor received at the hands of Mr. and Miss B——, relicts of E—— B——, late of my particular acquaintance at West Point. After so lengthened a 'retiracy' as mine, from the sublunary amusements and follies of a glaring world of lamp-light, the concert presented to me a sufficiently alluring view of men and women, with 'varnished faces' expressly assembled for show and pleasure. Followed my leader, hood in hand, about half-past six, into the midst of countless fluttering heads, and glancing hands, all shaking out their curls and pocket-handkerchiefs, before a final settlement upon the long, hard benches, arranged for auditory purposes. Long time since I had the felicity to make one in any such crowded assembly. Buz! buz! on every side, with a sort of dizzy universal motion all around about. First twenty minutes, distinguished nothing; then grew out gradually on my more accustomed vision, a belle here and there, among two or three cavaliers, agitating her fan and ear-rings. Youths with hat under arm, and hair parted carefully at the side of the head, which does n't look the least finical nor girlish! Felt something heavy, that my closest scrutiny among the whole of these human faces divine, saving those I went with, still returned me the unanswering glances of eyes I knew not, and that knew not me. Oh, forlorn! I repented me for awhile, that I was there. Performers-vocal, of the evening, Mrs. and Miss Watson, and Miss Wheatley. Great rig of satin, white and pink, with silvered pink wreaths, displayed by the trio. Stage about as high up as a comet. Never beheld such a cargo of fiddles since I was born! Looked about for a rat-hole to creep into, when the first grand crash



should descend from the musical fund eminence. In truth 't was awful! Some sweet singing from the three rigged-up women, interspersed with choice overtures by first and second fiddles. I was born with a rebellious instinct against this little King Squeak. All the Paganini's 'going,' could n't make music therewith, in mine ears. Home from concert by the light of the moon, and haunting memories in my soul of other eves of pleasure, sought ought and partaken with friends now divided from me. If I were to ask the kindly-looking depths of yonder blessed heaven above, how long this weary parting time shall be, what voice would answer me? Ah! but I am weary, sick, of living alone among the people!

THE next passages recorded in the journal, are dated at Louisville, Kentucky, whither Mrs. PHILLIPS had accompanied her husband, who, being soon after ordered to a far western military station, was compelled to leave his affectionate companion, amidst new scenes and a new people, 'alike unknowing and unknown.' It is no marvel that, under these circumstances, that most miserable of all maladies, *homesickness*, should have taken possession of her spirit, or that, while under its blinding and desolate spell, she should have 'seen as through a glass darkly' the noble country and people, where, and among whom, she was a lone and unhappy sojourner.

'LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY!—How we are shuffled about in this world! \* \* And here am I, 'beyond the mountains!' 'Chained,' not to 'the chariot of triumphal art,' but among the brick, dust, and darkness, of this disagreeable town; away from every taste that directed, and every sympathy that civilized me! \* \* Who that has lived in mine own fair eastern land, and warmed him in the light of its blessed, *blessed* skies, and heard the sound of its beloved voices, can see among these cowering woods aught but dimness and estrangement? O, for a sight of my home! What does a *woman* here? \* \* And they have taken the very husband, for whose sake I am here, and flung him to the Choctaws! *Reviens mon mari!* 'Kaintuck!' Oh, how I hate it! When shall we quit—when, *when*, WHEN—never again to hear from, or visit, or mention, the name of *West?*

\* \* \* 'It seems to me, that like some beautiful summer shower, I every now and then 'hold up' over this my learned diary, and again break out, like the vernal rain-bow, particularly when the color of *blue* is likely to predominate.' \* \* 'After death, from which we know there is no return, oh, what is like parting from the face we love! The last, last look, the trembling breath, the dropping hand, the turning form! Bitter, oh, bitter is it on earth to part!

'I *do* try to talk to these people. It surely is pleasant, where our lot is cast, to find some sharer of our words and thoughts; but there *are* repulses, though they be not meant, and barriers, though built by no voluntary hand, which the best of us have neither patience nor power to surmount.' \* \* 'Letter to-day from G——. He 'opines how I am shining among the new sisterhood!' I would as soon

river going steamer. But John Bull has been so long accustomed to strait sides and bulwarks, quarter galleries and cutwater, the latter surmounted by bowsprit and figure head, that it is difficult for him to imagine any other standard of beauty in naval architecture. Thus it happens, too, with his steamers, owing in part to the imperfection of their models or construction, and the comparative inefficiency of their engines, that he still finds it expedient to employ canvass, in aid of steam in his home navigation; a practice which, in a steamer of proper efficiency, is worse than useless, except perhaps on sea voyages.

There is however a 'genus' of American steam-boats, of which we are not so proud, and which unfortunately has furnished material to the editor of the 'Nautical' and other foreign writers, for most of their witticisms upon American steam navigation. This genus, whose *habitat* is chiefly on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, has also contributed much to unsettle the public mind, and to impair the just confidence which has hitherto been placed in the skill and science of American artisans and engineers; and which has likewise been the means of fastening upon our invaluable steam marine a legislative incubus, which bids fair to secure to the steamers of Britain the most valuable portion of our intercourse with the parent country.

Ours is a reading public, while the writers on steam or steam navigation are almost exclusively English, and give currency to English views and opinions, whether the same be sound or practically obsolete. This tendency in our literature is unwittingly abetted by a great portion of the American press, the conductors of which are not sufficiently conversant with the facts and principles on which alone a correct estimate can be founded; while American engineers are better employed than in sketching the present state of their art, or in writing the chronicles of their own labors and achievements, which latter have a brighter and more enduring record in their results, and in the changes which they have so rapidly wrought upon the face of nature, and of human society.

It seems hardly to be known, at the present time, even in our own country, that a proper sea going steam ship, well adapted to the navigation of the Atlantic, was built and fitted out at New-York full seventeen years ago, when the art of steam navigation in Europe was in its very infancy. This steam ship, the Robert Fulton, made a number of voyages to Havana and New-Orleans, but owing to the embarrassments of her owner, was dismantled, and sold in another country. This vessel was designed and built by that celebrated shipwright, the late Henry Eckford, for David Dunham, Esq., since deceased, and is now a ship of war, mounting twenty-six guns, and remarkable for her sailing qualities; having for several years past been attached to the Brazilian navy. This ship, if propelled by a modern 'New-York' engine, or with the portion of steam power which is now used in the best British steam ships, would, even now, prove a successful rival to the Great Western; at least for any length of passage for which her structure was designed.

Of the practicability of trans-atlantic navigation by steam power alone, American engineers have, for several years, been fully sensible. Of the probability of obtaining a remuneration proportioned to the outlay, however, great doubts have always been entertained. But should the sound practical talent of our countrymen be brought to

bear properly upon this enterprise, a degree of surety and despatch which has not yet been realized, is sure to be attained. Whether such an attempt be justifiable at this time, in view of the false position in which the American merchants and engineers have been placed by the recent investments of British capital in ocean steamers, and by the unwise legislation of our own government, is a question admitting of more doubt. This remark is applied to the new steam-boat law; more especially to that odious provision, which makes the owners of American steam vessels liable, in case of accident, for all the property on board their vessels, in violation of the first principles of justice, which deem a man innocent till he is proved guilty.

### ODE TO THE CZAR.

'He has ravaged six hundred young women from their homes in Poland to distribute among the soldiery.'

GERMAN PAPER.

'Odii immortales! ubinam gentium sumus?'

And so 'tis o'er; and Poland, torn  
And bleeding, bows to thee;  
Thou hast thy guerdon in the scorn,  
The curses of the free!  
And men shall say, in other times,  
Thou wast Napoleon in thy crimes,  
But nothing more could be;  
Fore-doomed to ape those acts alone,  
The exile scorned or dared not own!

And then this last! It were a deed  
A Nero's name would blot;  
By worse than Rome's worst son decreed,  
It shall not be forgot.  
Thy fame will be, the ruthless foe,  
Whose every breath was human wo,  
Till thrones and time are not;  
The first, the last, the worst to claim  
An immortality of shame!

The Grecian, with the earth at ban,  
Wept for a world to win;  
But mourned, for he was still a man,  
The plague-spot dark within:  
The Thunderer, melted by the spell,  
Wept at the distant evening bell  
Of his own young Brieune:  
But thou!—the fiend hath blasted thee  
From all of human sympathy.

The Cæsar mourned the laurelled foe  
Hurled headlong from his side,  
Forgetting, in that hour of wo,  
He would the world divide:  
But thou!—to thee 'tis doubly sweet  
To stab the victim at thy feet,  
Thou lord of homicide!  
Dark thing—go glut thee o'er thy blade,  
And mark the ruin thou hast made.

The dying mourning for the dead,  
The conquered on the slain,  
The night-clouds glowing wildly red,  
The blood-empurpled plain,

The earthquake charge, the freeman's prayer  
A nation in its last despair,  
These crowd thy reeking train;  
Till even Ruin checks her way,  
And waves her ghastly arm to stay.

The father tearless grieves his son,  
The warrior mourns his bride;  
The mother clasps her little one,  
For she has nought beside;  
The famished boy, of lordly birth,  
Stands weeping by the smouldering hearth,  
Where all his race have died.  
And Poland wails, in widowed wo,  
Her martyred sons, her ruthless foe.

And Europe heard her last, wild shriek,  
Nor answered to the call;  
The Austrian whet his vulture beak,  
And fevered for her fall;  
And Prussia shouted in her glee,  
And England, traitress to the free!  
Was harloting with Gaul;  
Gods! did the Corsican but reign,  
How would they leap to arms again!

But all in vain; his eagle wing  
Low in the dust is laid!  
The children of the thunder-king  
Have sheathed his lightning blade!  
And since he fell, their land hath been  
The plaything of whatever was mean,  
Betraying and betrayed!  
By Europe chained, then vainly free,  
The slaves, the dupes of tyranny.

Yet there are mourners o'er thy grave;  
Oh Poland, shall it be?  
And nations mock the bold and brave,  
With such hypocrisy!  
But it is well; from out thy tomb  
Their ruin, Phoenix-like, shall come,  
And Europe yet be free.  
Nor kings nor traitors barter then  
The eternal heritage of men.

## HANS CARVEL.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE KUSHOW PROPERTY,' 'THE LATE JOHNNY MARSDEN,' ETC.

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WHEN old HANS CARVEL departed this life, at a very advanced age, (may his bones rest in peace!) he bequeathed to his only son, Hans, a well-cultivated farm, and the ancient homestead of the family. To these he superadded God's blessing on him, and some salutary directions for his future conduct in life, as namely: 'Fear God — speed the plough — marry a wife — curb the tongue.' Having inculcated these essential principles in the character of every good husbandman, and honest yeoman, he said no more, but being perfectly 'willing to go,' threw back his hoary head, and sank like a patriarch to his slumbers. And now Hans, finding himself deprived of the paternal counsel, and put in jeopardy of the world, carefully stored away this legacy of good advice, and went about his business as usual. He plodded industriously, as his fathers had done, ploughed the paternal soil, and although the earth did not always yield an equal abundance, he never wanted a sufficiency of good things, and a contented heart to enjoy them. Although the mansion, a homely tenement, built a hundred years ago, in the style of that period, might be looked upon with an insolent sneer, by some of your imposing modern structures, it was none the less comfortable for all that, affording a sufficient covert from the storm, and shelter from the tempest. It had a quiet air, and a variety of appearances without, gave evidence of thrift and hospitality within. There it stood, and appeared likely to stand, with the gable end to the street, a dog, grisly and blind with age, reclining on the sunny porch, gourds and wooden trenchers, and milk-strainers, and strings of apples put out to dry, a washing-tub on a barrel, and cats and dogs, and chickens walking right into the kitchen. Any one will agree, that this was too pleasant a place to live alone in. So Hans thought, and having acquitted his conscience on other points, he determined to get married, and obey the dying injunction of his father. He was not very difficult to please, looking neither for riches nor beauty. He considered a prudent woman a mine of wealth to her husband, and for the latter quality, his ideas of it were founded wholly in utility. A very short search made him acquainted with one whom he considered qualified to render him happy, and he courted her, to the best of his abilities, for three weeks; when he mustered up courage, and asked her in plain terms to accede to his proposals. She replied, with a modest refinement, that she 'did n't care if she did.' This soft confession was decisive, and the dominie being forthwith called, brought the matter to a happy termination. There was some little merry-making and jollity afterward, and then the household affairs went on as if nothing had happened. None of your long and expensive journeys to mountain-houses, and mineral fountains, suffocating to death on the dusty roads, and coppering your complexion with impregnated waters. This first false step too frequently leads to a habit of gadding, never afterward recovered from. The more Hans

reflected on his marriage, the more he had reason to be pleased with the object of his choice. She, it is true, rather had the 'upper hand' in the family, but in other respects, she was every thing his heart could desire, and gave him many a sound lesson in marketing. Hans was stingy, but she was stingier than Hans. If he put seven radishes into a bunch, she took out one, in order to make the number even, and to give a more trim appearance to the same. If he parcelled out the asparagus too bountifully for their customers, she withdrew enough spears to reduce the bunches to a reasonable size. Thus she perpetually repressed a vicious propensity which he had, of giving good measure, and of treading on the line of honesty. When he came home from market, she demanded his purse, with an executive air, being already possessed of the sword of power, separated the coin from the bank notes, and both from the shin-plasters, rating him merrily for having any thing to do with the latter, and then jingling the pieces severally into the foot of a long stocking, placed them for safe-keeping in her pet bank of deposit.

Years passed sluggishly away, without any thing material to interrupt his happiness, until a circumstance occurred, which suddenly altered his prospects, and produced a new era in the life of Hans Carvel. Two speculators came along, and wanted to buy his farm. This proposal took him all aghast. It was unexpected, and with that credulity natural to ignorance, he concluded that they wanted to cheat him. The consequence was, they could do nothing with him. He was immoveable. They argued, they reasoned, they made liberal offers. They might as well have planted the sea-shore with salt. The Messrs. Snipkins had very foolishly considered themselves sure of their bargain. In the fertility of their imaginations, they had already pulled down the old house 'about his ears,' run an avenue through the orchard, and parcelled the land out on either side into innumerable lots. So now their airy castles tumbled to the ground, their schemes were frustrated, they fairly knocked their heads together with vexation, and going away, damned him up and down. The moment they had gone out, Hans finding the ground clear, took time for reflection, and gathering together his scattered ideas, began to think solemnly of the matter. He conned over all that had been said, considered the price offered for his land 'so much greater than he had ever dreamed of,' and ere he laid his cap that night on the pillow, resolved to abide by the offer. When the speculators came again, to make a fresh effort, he treated them more considerately than at first, told them that he did not want 'to sell,' and *at any rate*, could not think of their former proposal. At this first dawn of hope, the Messrs. Snipkins tipped each other the wink, and feeling their way softly as they went, after a long parley, succeeded in closing in with him for one third more. But an unseen difficulty soon arose, which made their ground still very ticklish. The bill having met the concurrence of Hans, must needs pass through the other branch of the legislature, and receive the sanction of Mrs. Carvel. Here it came very near being thrown under the table; for some of the neighbors had been 'ploughing' with Hans' 'heifer,' and discovering what was on foot, exhorted Mrs. Carvel to have nothing at all to do with the matter. She therefore refused point blank to sign the papers, and when-

ever the subject was alluded to, shot out her lips, turned her nose heavenward, and put on the ugliest look imaginable. This difficulty was, however, got over, she being prevailed on, not by any persuasion, (for that only made things worse,) but by the prospect of so much ready money, and was at last not only willing to 'sign off,' but to acknowledge that she had done so without bodily fear, or compulsion. The bargain was clenched. Mr. Snooks, the lawyer, executed the necessary deeds and papers, and the old homestead passed from the Carvel family for ever. Hans did not close the negotiation without self-reproaches, and a slight ripple of emotion stirred his heart, as he relinquished the abode of his fathers. He could not with indifference turn from a spot so hallowed for its age and associations, where he had been born, and passed the days of his childhood and of his youth, and grown up to man's estate. It is impossible to break away from old attachments, be they of what kind soever, without doing violence to our nature. It is not father and mother, brethren and sisters, merely, which make up a home; it is place likewise; the old mansion, the pleasant nooks and corners, the fireside, and all those familiar objects which are indissolubly connected with them. How pleasantly do all these mingle together, when we are absent, making it sweet to remember them, and persuading us, how convincingly, that 'there is no place like home.' And now Hans felt all that affection for the old places which had hitherto lain as a dormant principle within him, awake into being. He reproached himself again and again, and sitting for the last time within the ample jambs of the kitchen fire-place, leaned his head upon his hands, and indulged in a pensive melancholy. It was now too late; the estate had passed from him; he did not know before how much he loved it. Thus, thus do we wring our hands, and weep over the dead, whom perhaps we have loved too coldly while living.

When all the business and papers connected with this important transaction were cleared away, and left a little breathing time, Hans Carvel reviewed his worldly prospects, cast up his accounts with an accurate eye, and at last wrought out the glorious conclusion that he was — *independent*. This word must not be understood in the enlarged sense which the extravagance of the present day would give to it. Perhaps the rich and the luxurious would smile at the independence of Hans Carvel. Some persons depend so much upon the world, that it requires a vast sum to place them above it. His wants, on the contrary, were limited, and with strict frugality, he deemed his interest sufficient to meet them; he should be able to 'make both ends meet,' without having recourse to labor, or in more grandiloquent phrase, to 'live on his money.' One day as he passed by the old domains, rubbing his hands, and chuckling over his late bargain, he espied red flags put up in different directions, and several important personages striding backward and forward, with measured steps. These preparations seemed ominous. Vague apprehensions came over him, and a terrible suspicion that after all he had been overreached. While he stood thus musing against a fence, a 'd — d good-natured friend' passed that way, and having smilingly given him the time of the day, led him into the secret that Messrs. Snipkins, the speculators, had parted with that property at a large advance. Hans



said nothing, although his nether jaw dropped perceptibly. Every one knows what sort of a feeling repentance is, when it comes too late. He went home, groaned all night upon his pillow, and loaded himself with new reproaches. As he before considered what he had gained, he now counted his losses, called the speculators all hard names, and accused them of taking the bread out of his mouth. He, like a hard-working hind, had tugged all his life at the stubborn glebe, enduring 'the burden and heat of the day,' while they came in at the eleventh hour to enjoy the golden harvest. His neighbors were not slow in aggravating his distress. They taunted him before his face, and they upbraided him behind his back. 'What a natural-born fool,' said they, 'is Hans Carvel. Had he only waited a little longer, he might have taken the tide at its flood, and possessed the money now pocketed by strangers. They looked at him in a deprecating manner, wagging their heads, and hinting that he was old enough to have his eye-teeth cut. 'What,' said they, 'if old Hans could rise out of his grave, and see these strange doings, the house torn down, and not one stone upon another, the cider-presses moved off, the orchard cut down, the land slashed up. And if —' 'And if — and if,' replied Hans the younger, with admirable serenity, 'you will have a little patience, neighbours, *we shall see what we shall see.*' It so happened, that in a short time he achieved a complete triumph over these cavillers. For the old farm, having passed through a great number of hands, and got beyond its intrinsic value, when a revulsion took place, naturally reverted to its former owners, and the Messrs Snipkins, who had speculated largely in lands, broke all to pieces. Hans was secure, and with this catastrophe his temper recovered its equilibrium.

He now removed to a small tenement, for which he paid more than it was worth, and considering how suddenly he had been thrown from his appropriate sphere, led a tolerable contented life. A garden afforded him light employment, which was just large enough to raise a few cabbages, and to contain a pig-stye to rear his winter pork. He was *independent*, and already got reputation as a man of substance. The knowing ones pointed him out in that short monosyllabic way which means a good deal, whispering that he was a rich old fellow, who 'lived on his money.' Thus being fairly settled down in a new capacity, having no fields to plough, no seed to sow, no cattle to feed, no fences to mend, he had on hand more precious time than he knew what to do with. Those idle and talkative propensities which had been before checked by the necessity of earning his daily bread, found full occasion for exercise, and he became one of the most inveterate and really troublesome bores, ever inflicted on a community. Those who have nothing to do, are apt to fancy all others in the same 'category.' Hans might be said to 'eat the bread of idleness.' He rose betimes in the morning, wrought a half an hour in his garden, ate his breakfast, and then sallied forth to bestow himself on his neighbors. He sauntered leisurely and pleasantly about, sat a little here, a little there, and chatted sociably at the corner of a street or over a stile. His mode of operating differed from that of the common herd of bores. He was not one of those who hold you with tender violence by the button hole, nor secure you

more thoroughly by the arm, like Claud Halcro in the 'Pirate,' when he discoursed of 'Glorious John Dryden,' nor follow pertinaciously at your heels, like the person who encountered Horace as he took his customary walk in the Sacred Way. With such fellows you *can* dispense, if you will. It needs decision. You must bring an antagonist brute force into play, not wave them off, with a cold politeness. Shake them violently away, and Diogenes-like, compel them to get from between you and the sun. Or if their impudence comes in too palpable a form, I know of no law of etiquette which forbids a gentleman from knocking them down. Hans Carvel was none such. There was nothing in his approaches to justify even the thought of violence. You could not discard him hastily, without doing injury to your own feelings; he was so mild, peaceful, lamb-like in his conduct. It was not any respect for him, but a principle of self-respect, which prevented you from breaking rudely away. He gave no apparent cause for such a procedure. How can you get rid of a man who looks so blandly, and has to all appearance got something to say? There was a quiet fascination in his dark, whimsical, slow-rolling eye, which was irresistible, and held you as surely as the cords of love. Did he select you as his victim, he placed himself right before you, straddled his legs moderately apart, and declining his head a little on one side, with a placid smile, stood in the attitude to speak. As a bird oscillating gaily on a bush, catches the vivid eye of a 'snake in the grass,' and is straightway drawn into his fascinating jaws, so certainly were you captured, and you had only to yield up your attention at once, and utter in a dejected tone, 'Well, what is it, Hans Carvel?' That was enough. The victory was complete, the stage clear, the audience attentive. After a slight pause, as if to gather up his resources, and adjust his organs, Hans began his communication in soft, under tones, imperceptible to the by-standers, and sometimes sinking into a mysterious whisper. He spoke with an official importance, stopping at intervals to take a pinch of tobacco. This you might suppose a capital opportunity to escape. Did you make the attempt, however, you would find yourself in the situation of a rogue who takes advantage of a little more rope, only to be brought up with a jerk. Ashamed of being baffled, you would be compelled to hang down your head, like an untoward ass, who has been kicking incontinently in the traces, and whose burden is greater than he can bear. Gliding with a rapid, though easy motion toward the door, he touched you slightly on the arm, as if the cream of the talk were yet to come, and will you nil, you, took a new lease upon your patience. And what think you did Hans talk about? What important information had he to impart or to acquire, what deep questions of state or national policy to discuss? Was it the official acts of the government that he spake of, wherein they were salutary or oppressive, and what was their effect on the industrious classes? By no means. He was not affected by them. He drew his interest half-yearly, and beside, his policy was, to 'obey the powers that be.' 'The worser they acted, the better he liked them.' Was it the contingency of a war? He was emphatically a man of peace, and cared neither for wars nor rumors of wars. He had none of the revolutionary spirit. A hundred such fellows might be put into a magazine of gunpowder, and

their united wits could not conjure one little spark to blow it up. Was it the subject of popular education, so dear to every genuine lover of his country? His mind was already made up on that point. He knew too much of the bliss of ignorance, to be guilty of the folly of being wise. He had never felt the want of 'schooling' himself, and in fact disapproved of common schools altogether. They tended to 'unite church and state.' It is not easy to decide by what process of reasoning he came to this droll and ingenious result. Probably he had heard the phrase bandied about, but what was really meant by the union of church and state, he understood no more than the back of his hand. But what did Hans talk about? Simply — NOTHING. Alas! how many in all classes of society are gifted with this same faculty of talking about nothing! Such characters are in abundance in the world, and are every where to be met with. They display their exquisite demeanor in the drawing room, and 'with many holiday and lady terms,' question you about — nothing. They enter the halls of legislation, disgrace their constituents, make a spectacle of themselves, and swell up with empty nothings. I had rather endure the silence of primeval nature, than the troublesome chatter of those who talk about nothing. It is better to think without speaking, than to speak without thinking.

Hans Carvel always carried an empty basket on his arm. It took away from that vagabond air, which those have who stray much in the streets. It gave steadiness to his motions, and added weight to his character. He could thus, without fear of reproach, hold a long parley with a neighbor, and when on departing he cast his eyes down on the basket, appearing suddenly to remember himself, it looked as if he had some ulterior object in view. No doubt he was going to purchase a few necessary commodities for the household; a joint of meat for a dinner, or eggs for the 'gude woman' to infuse into a pudding. On Sundays he went punctually to the Dutch church, stationed himself a little before service at the entrance, and intercepted severally all that passed by, as a cobweb catches a fly. It was rather amusing to notice his motions at the courts, and places where public business was going on. He usually gave signal to some of the parties concerned that he wanted to speak with them, and withdrawing to a window at the extremity of the room, whispered, and smiled, and nodded, and winked, to the discomfiture of the curious, who had noticed the movement, and pricked up their ears for nought.

Thus he jogged on through this weary world. He ate, and drank, and slept, and one day was exactly the counterpart of another. An event however occurred at last, which affected him very deeply. His wife, who had always been in her sound mind, suddenly cut a fantastic freak, and became as crazy as a March hare. In this situation, she was extremely troublesome. It seemed as if all the traits and qualities of her mind had gone over to their opposites. She hated whom she had loved, and loved whom she had hated, and instead of being any more a rigid economist, her extravagance exceeded all bounds. She ripped up all the rag-carpet in the 'best parlour,' and put down an 'ingrain carpetin', of lively colors, which the neighbors considered a very elegant 'floor cloth' to be sure. Every thing homespun in the house gradually gave way to articles of foreign

manufacture. Britannia-ware and pewter were discarded from the table. She bought silver spoons with her own initials on the handles, which were so thin that they were as sharp as knife-blades. She overhauled Hans' shirts and had them adorned with frills, and ruffles, by reason of which he cut a very ridiculous figure on Sunday. Instead of doing her own work, she hired a servant, and held a perpetual levee in the parlor. Finally, Hans could not 'stand it' any longer, and in self defence, put her in the asylum. He had not the heart to keep her there long. She soon came out apparently amended, but never after became completely cured.

What a pity it was that Hans Carvel ever parted from the old homestead, or ever knew the blessings of 'independence!' Then he was engaged in the honorable occupation of tilling the soil, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and when the night came on, laid down his weary head to more sound and refreshing slumbers. Now, like many who emerge too suddenly from their customary course, he only diminished his happiness, and reaped no advantage from the change. While Mrs. Carvel became extravagant, put on the airs of a fine lady, rustled in silks, and scolded him more soundly than ever, he sauntered leisurely about, enjoying the reputation of living on his means, doing nothing for the public good, and conscious of nothing but his own importance.

#### AUTUMNAL STANZAS.

Clouds athwart the stars are straying,  
Moaning winds disturb the night,  
Leaves unto the dust are falling,  
Touch'd with blight.

Autumn eve shuts cold around me,  
Gay companions, here are none;  
Silent thoughts and visions give me  
Life that's gone.

Minutes seen and snatched for ever;  
Told in beauty — told in mirth!  
How they flitted, bright and noiseless  
O'er the earth!

How my heart, untouched of trial,  
Bathed in sunshine daily lay,  
Reckless all of care or conflict,  
Far away.

Joyous hours! I glow to meet you,  
Even in fitful, changeful dreams!  
Pierce the shadow of my slumbers,  
Vanished gleams!

Float ye o'er the faded garlands,  
On my brow that used to be;  
Sun the paths my feet have trodden,  
Blithe and free!

Gem the skies my glance hath pondered,  
Oft at midnight's thrilling tide;  
Where the breath of waking summer  
Only sighed.

Where my spirit so was reaping  
Gentle gifts from altars high,  
I could wish, amidst their fulness,  
Ne'er to die.

Happier days than e'er can meet me,  
To the mystic land are flown;  
Days of blossom! days of blessing!  
Past and gone!

Lo! the future, Winter sealeth,  
Clothed in sternness, storm, and night!  
Birds and flowers along the pathway,  
Ta'en to flight!

Lessons from the present flowing,  
Yield but dull, unwelcome lore,  
All unlike the spreading pages  
Traced of yore!

Let me then the past embracing,  
On her breast my vigils keep,  
Till amidst her murmur'ing music,  
Lull'd to sleep.

Voices of the lost beside me,  
Faces of the loved shall be;  
I shall feast at olden fountains,  
Plenteously!

Joyous hours! I smile to greet you,  
Even in changeful, fitful dreams!  
Pierce the shadow of my slumbers,  
Vanished gleams!

## HUMAN OCCUPATIONS.

## COMPARATIVE PRIVILEGES AND EFFECTS OF THE DIFFERENT OCCUPATIONS IN LIFE.

MAN was formed from the dust of the earth, and placed in the garden of Eden. All his wants were supplied by the spontaneous productions of the soil. He toiled not, and the sweat of his brow was only the healthy destitution of the nectarean waters he drank, as he reclined beneath the shady groves of Paradise, and gazed with delight upon the glowing beauties of a pure world. Thus he would have lived, in unmixed joy ; every breeze would have been tempered to softness, and every gale been balmy ; new objects would probably have arisen, to satisfy his curiosity, and his course through the cycles of ages might have been one of constant progression. Eve came to share his happiness, and minister to his affections. Adorned with perfect beauty, the fairest of womankind came into existence, herself most beautiful where all was lovely. Imagine the happy pair, as they walked through this magnificent palace of nature ! Mark the dignified repose and content upon the countenance of Adam, and the bright intelligence of Eve, as she listens to his discourse, responds to his feelings, and harmonizes with the scene. Now she calls his attention to new beauties which her fine senses have discovered, and with the untaught grace of nature, and the true eloquence of simplicity, she kindles in the bosom of her husband content into admiration, and satisfaction into delight. The notes of birds, the odor of flowers, the music of streams, and the wondrous brilliancy of the virgin firmament, all contribute to their felicity. Sin is not ; labor is not. No dismal thoughts of the future brood in their hearts ; no anticipations of sorrow darken their dwelling. Want is not known in the garden of God, and human passion is not yet born to disturb their repose. Who, in contemplating a pair like this, can believe that they are the origin of a race who get their bread by the sweat of their brow ? But temptation came, and sin followed close upon the temptation, and from thenceforth man was born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward ; and from this point in the history of the world, we may date the commencement of trades, occupations, and professions.

Had our first parents remained spotless and sinless ; had no serpent twined his wily folds around ' her with perfect beauty adorned,' what would have been the situation of mankind, or the state of our planet, who can conjecture ? Here is a fine field for speculation, but one in which it is not our business to indulge. It is enough for us to acquiesce in the course of events ; and since doomed to a necessity to toil, let us examine the state of the world, in its vast variety of fulfilling the decision, and see if any have the advantage, or if any class can be said to be exempt from the decree.

In the early ages of the world, occupations were few, because the wants of mankind were few, as they would be now, perhaps, if we could be content to be simple and unostentatious. Pasturage of their flocks employed their chief attention, which, with the game that came in their way, furnished them with all they thought they required. The skins of animals furnished them coverings for their bodies ; and

their flesh, food. Tents of the easiest constructure sheltered them from the heat and cold, and ownerships in land being unknown and unthought of, they roamed here and there, to suit their convenience, and accommodate their wants. Mankind must at this point be viewed as shepherds. They watched their flocks by night, to protect them from the incursions of beasts of prey; they were drawers of water and hewers of wood. Water, in that part of the world where mankind were first planted, was of more consequence, it appears, than land; and we read of ownership in wells of water. They lived in a state of labor, then, in the most primitive state of the world; for watching flocks by night, and going any distance for water, would be esteemed no slight drudgery, even at this day.

There is a charm that hangs around this view of our progenitors, which always belongs to contemplations of a wild and untutored independence, a modification of the natural love of liberty. Hedged about, as we are, with laws and customs, enslaved by the despotism of fashion, and wearing the servility of opinion; drawn this way by conscience, and that by regard for temporary interest, or some distant prospect of aggrandizement, we look at the free wanderers of the wild, or unprejudiced followers of nature, as possessing privileges, for which we would gladly barter all we possess of refinement, or enjoy of luxury. But superinduced upon all this, we may add the majesty of their unadulterated religion. Holding communication with the Deity himself, like the patriarchs, or receiving his commands like Moses, or going out to battle, clothed with the armor of his approbation and protection, like David. Nor is this simplicity confined to those who had a knowledge of the true God. All men living in a simple state, will frame to themselves, by the light of nature, a plain system of belief, grand and imposing from its majestic unity. It is the adulteration of the true religion which is to be feared; it is this which debases a nation, like the heathen idolatries of Asia, which all, or mostly, are the results of wicked aims in a few to enslave the many. Religion, like a valuable medicine, may, by foreign mixtures, be rendered a deadly poison, killing instead of curing, degrading instead of elevating. The unlettered Indian, whose heaven is in the 'sweet south-west,' who sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind, who bows to the inward promptings of his great spirit, feels a dignity of devotion, as he listens to its suggestions, and obeys its mandates, unknown to the speculative caviller of sects, and the half-doubting, half-believing follower of Christianity.

This state of the world has been the favorite theme of poets, and dreamers of happiness; and, indeed, it may be asserted, with some truth, that men are more virtuous, and consequently happy, who are left much to a free dependence upon their own thoughts, and escaping all social evils, are open to the action of the purifying influences of nature. The shepherd who watches his flocks, and moralizes like the melancholy Jacques, in the woods of Arden, may, like him, find

'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

Hannah More, in her *Shepherd of Salisbury Plains*, has given us an instance at how high a state of moral greatness a poor, laboring, yet



thinking man may arrive, in this primeval occupation ; and taught, by an instructive tale, how beautiful piety and resignation may be made to appear in the humble shed, where, though visited by all the ills that flesh is heir to, we almost envy the contentedness of the man, though we should have to take his physical misery along with it.

But from the constitution of the mind of man, he could not long remain in the shepherd state. Social feeling led men together. Our progenitors soon discovered the pleasures of love and friendship, the reciprocation of kindness, and the pleasures of sympathy. We suppose the opening of these resources of happiness in the human heart were purely accidental. Necessity and chance operated in the moral world, as in the physical, in continually calling out new powers, and unfolding new affections. I am aware that this is contradictory to many notions of our parents, and their immediate descendants ; for some have supposed that Adam came into existence endowed with a mind richly stored with science, and particularly excelling in astronomical knowledge. But when men began to find it for their happiness to form clans, they became more fixed in their abiding places, and local attachments became known, and the word 'home' began to have a sweetness and a charm, which it has never lost. Division of labor, so well understood by ants and bees, would seem to be the obvious result of such an arrangement. But division of labor, or exchange of one kind of labor for another, soon led to the discovery, that practice rendered some more perfect in certain kinds of employment than others, owing to physical organization, taste, etc ; and so arts and trades became known. Long periods of years must have elapsed to produce this classification of men, which we gladly acknowledge, to enable us to step over certain dark gulfs in the history of our kind, and to come down to periods better known, and more suited to our purpose. This, however, is merely supposition ; for it must be acknowledged, that it is in vain to seek for commencement ; all is progress. In imagination, we may conceive a time when the human race was in the lowest degree of culture ; but on inquiry, we every where meet the arts, meet men collected into societies, meet property, legislation, and government.

Arts, however, even almost down to our own time, were viewed as a direful necessity. The improvements were so slow, that they can hardly be perceived. War was the great business of man. This seemed to offer an opportunity for the exercise of those powers, which have since been proved to be capable of contending with the elements themselves. Man spurns labor ; and it is only when he views it in its consequences upon society, in the melioration of his kind ; when he views labor philosophically and religiously, that he will submit to it, any farther than for the immediate supply of his necessities. The Indian places his glory, his pleasure, his virtue, even, in the arm of battle ; and thus it has been over the whole world. And we question if the love of contention, which manifests itself upon all occasions, and which throws our country into such violent agitations, is worthy of a better origin, than a hereditary disposition to fight, bred so closely in the habits of our progenitors. No matter what the subject or the project, opposition will come. Does a man

labor to demoralize, he is opposed. Does he labor to moralize, he is opposed. Where is the undertaking which has not its opposers? Where is the individual, who has not his enemies? It is precisely the same spirit that leads to violent invective, and random abuse, now-a-days, that formerly marshalled men with the buckler and sword. Instead of the trumpet, we are summoned by the press, and instead of the proud war-horse, shaking the plain, each man rides his own hobby, until he or his hobby lies panting upon the sand, in inglorious death. Nevertheless, our wars do not interrupt the order of society, nor interfere with the pursuits of agriculture, and commerce, and manufactures; while the wars of the ancients employed nearly all the able-bodied men, and left domestic affairs entirely to the women. We may here discover the cause of the slow progress of the arts, and dragging movements of civilization, which always move at an equal pace with the advancements in the sciences. Nearly up to the discovery of the western continent, mankind must be viewed as warriors. It is true that short intervals of peace led them into other pursuits. Love of ease and luxury begot the means of enjoying pleasure. Conquerors carried their poets, and painters, and jesters, with them to battle. Greece had her poets, and sculptors, and orators, and Imperial Rome 'sat upon her seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world,' as much by the power of her senate, the eloquence of her patriots, and the sagacity of her consuls, as by the splendor of her arms, and the chivalry of her achievements. Egypt, too, had long before this built her pyramids, and found time to study the stars, and hide in her archives the secrets of science. '*Carthago fuit — Troja fuit.*' Pericles had adorned Athens with magnificent buildings, and the arts flourished beneath his patronage. The treasures of the east had been accumulated; astrology had deluded kings, and incense had burned to heathen gods, and to vile impostors. Women had been won by the songs of troubadours; tournaments had been held to reward the valiant; but war, *war*, was the great business of mankind. To overrun a country, and deluge it with blood; to slay women and children, or to destroy harvests of rich grain, and leave the wretched inhabitants to a cruel death; these were the exploits of men, whose names almost alone shine conspicuously on the page of history. So that history seems a charnel-house of butcheries, with here and there a character to remind us that we are reading of civilized men, instead of savages.

It is not within our scope, to account for all the different occupations that employ mankind, although the subject is highly interesting, involving as it does, the progress of science and civilization. We must content ourselves with saying, that moral and physical necessity is the ground-work of all art. Men act not without motive. Dread of labor, irksomeness of toil, is the mother of invention. Though some arts may trace their origin to accident, as the discovery of Newton, who, idly dreaming in his garden, seized upon the fall of an apple as the nearest and most convenient object upon which to exercise his speculating propensities, has led to results which have changed the whole face of astronomical knowledge, and given birth to a new era in philosophy.

It would indeed be a curious subject, to trace the occupation of

the tailor, from its commencement as a trade, distinct from other occupations, through all the vagaries of fashion, the windings of his scissors, the niceties of his needle, the allayings of his goose, and the swellings of his buckram, from the rude construction and excruciating tortures of a primitive new coat, and the tiresome constraint of the first pair of pantaloons, up to the elegant 'fits' of his workmanship; the wardrobe of a Brummel, and the science that enchanted a Pelham. Equally interesting, would be the dissection of the lawyer; to view him as the pedant of parchment, the inditer of forms, the memory-bag of unmeaning terms, and useless circumlocutions, with wig like a wool-basket, as if to impose upon the vulgar some imaginary terrors as to the size of his head, and extent of his knowledge-box; thus awing into silence, by external grandeur of appearance; yes, to trace him almost down to our own times, thus cumbered with false hair, and fictitious suits, a ravenous consumer of ink, and destroyer of paper, until he should emerge into the character of our own day, and unite the gentleman with the philanthropist, and scholar, the literary and scientific patron of the age; an honor to his country, and the framer and supporter of its laws. But we lack time for this pleasingly laborious task, and the reader may not care to examine the literary budget of such labors; let us therefore calculate the amount of men, as they are — clergymen, lawyers, doctors, school-masters, mechanics, idlers, and busy-bodies.

Clergymen — surely we may speak of them. The day has gone by, when the clergy and the inquisition were an equal terror. They themselves rejoice, that at last they have come to be viewed as other men, with like infirmities, wants, and passions, and let us remember, privileges too. But many centuries must elapse, before this class of men can entirely recover, in the estimation of a certain portion of mankind, that confidence which we feel sure is their due, at least in our country, and in England. Power is dear to the human heart; so dear, and it has been so invariably abused, that the highest praise we give our own WASHINGTON, is the self-control he practised in favor of republican principles; for it has been said that he might have been dictator. Ignorance and Superstition walk hand and hand; and it by no means is to be viewed as a strange result, that the mysteries which belong to the subject of religion, should have been made subservient to base purposes, and political designs. Such being the acknowledged fact, it being matter of history, many notions with regard to clergymen have become the common property of very common men. By this, we may be able to see the justice of the enactment of the legislatures of several states, that clergymen shall have no part in public government, not even the influence of a vote; which law, if I rightly apprehend it, is not so much for the safety of the state, as for the disarming of the prejudices of the multitude, who now can find no political ground upon which to establish their objections against the institutions of the churches. No one would be patiently listened to, who should commence a tirade against any one of the mechanic arts. The uses of the trades are too obvious, to offer any excuse for such comment; but sneerings at the clergy are too common, as a class of men who get their living from the community,

without paying an adequate *quid pro quo*. Many view their contribution to the support of the ministry, as a heavy tax, and by the smallness of the amount they give, and the grudging manner of giving it, evidently proclaim their feelings. We pass by the real grounds of this profession, and view it as one of convenience and policy. And in this respect, as a matter of safety, public order, intellectual pleasure, we cannot see how it can be dispensed with. The great mass of our population is actually educated by the clergy. They get their language from the sermons they hear, and indeed nearly all the book-knowledge they possess. A bad grammarian, in a clergyman, will barbarize a whole people. A close thinker, and proper writer, will render a people polished in their diction, and pure in their idioms. It is impossible to estimate their influence; as impossible as it is for us to conceive of vast convulsions in nature, caused by the simple drops of water long continuing to fall in one place.

Are the men who exert such influences useless? Shall we deny to them the privileges we grant to other men? Are 'all his faults to be observed, set in a note-book, and conned by heart, to cast into his teeth?' Is the person who ministers to us in times of affliction, who buries our dead, and says the consecrated rite over the new-born child, whose time is divided between the sick, the desponding, and the ignorant; who subjects himself to insult, in the discharge of his duty, who carries words of peace and happiness to the remotest corners of the earth, and yet only subsists upon the public, shall we talk slightly of such a profession? Nay, we blush at the idea. Still, who does not know that the clergy of our land, while debarred the privilege of trade, barely live, some almost starve. I have heard the idea suggested, that the clergyman of a village should be furnished by his parishioners with a fine large house, a good stock of cows, and have all those conveniences about him to enable him to entertain strangers. He should be placed in such a situation, that the needy might be pointed to his door; in short, he should be the charitable organ of the village, and in order to be so, be placed as far above want as he should be above meanness. A clergyman cannot do his duty, who is dependent upon the whims and caprices of his flock. A poor and needy person cannot, without the possession of the highest philosophy, and the strongest exercise of principle, be an independent thinker, or a dignified actor. Poverty weighs down the spirits, and makes the mind truckling and base. There is one exception to this rule, and that is the poverty of a small annuity, by which, though it be little, a man is rendered perfectly independent of the patronage of those around him. Public sentiment should act upon men, and strongly; but let opinion be free as the wind; let it be left to find its own level. Let us have an honest criterion of character, of measures, or we cease to be a people of opinion, and become the mere hucksters of petty contrivances.

But this profession is peculiarly valuable, on another account. Upon the principle of labor-saving machinery, a community employs a competent person to perform the offices of religion, and to furnish religious instruction. This person is educated for the very purpose. He possesses means of information which it has cost lives to accu-

mulate; he is familiar with all those points upon which we need light; proofs of the authenticity of the Scriptures, and collateral information, that renders the subject one of the most interesting in the world. He is a ready-armed champion, to fight for us in the lists of polemic warfare. He is the protector of our opinions in matters not so obvious to many. His whole life is engaged to prepare for heaven. He is an alarm-watch, that wakes us from the slumbers of conscience. He macadamizes the path of life, and smooths the pillow of death. He is the first person that speaks of us seriously, and acknowledges our importance in the scale of being, and the last person that speaks over us in death. None are too mean to address him, none too high to be found of him. He is the poor man's friend, the orphan's father. He clothes the beggar with bright garments, till he weeps for joy. And what are the inducements to their profession? They are of the highest kind, so high as to be above the comprehension of most men. He shuts himself out from wealth, from what the world calls pleasure; he closes the door of political advancement. He barter his time, his health often, and his country, for what — fame? He rarely obtains it, he seldom hopes for it, or wishes for it, beyond the reputation of doing his duty. For what, then, does he make all these sacrifices?

But we break away from this part of our subject, to look at the more stirring profession of the law. We must remark of this profession, that it draws its main support from the deformities of society; from immorality, dishonesty, and crime; from faults, at least; and this fact, too, is not derogatory to the profession, neither do we mean it to be. Law is derived from God. Man cannot exist, in a social state, without it. The very constitution of society is founded upon the principle of giving up certain natural rights, things not '*mala in se*,' that we may enjoy certain privileges, and live under certain protections. The love of liberty, and the desire of following the dictates of passion, without regard to the interests of others, are the chief causes of most of the wrongs committed in society. When wrongs are committed, popular vengeance or individual malice might take too summary vengeance. Hence courts have been instituted, to try the degree of wrong, and to inflict the proper penalty. That the wrong-doer may have every advantage to show his innocence, to seek protection, to avoid oppression, to mitigate his crime, learned men are assigned to fill this place, and, also, in behalf of the supremacy of the law; and thus as long as men are bad, and live in the social state, lawyers must be esteemed a necessary part of the organization of society. A most useful class of men, indeed, as things now are, though it is matter of deep regret, that some plainer, shorter course cannot be contrived; one better understood by the people at large. Most of the cases in court occur from the quarrels or imaginary rights of an ignorant class of men — men of violent passions, strong prejudices, and great 'pluck.' The plaintiff and defendant know little of the reasons of the greater part of the proceedings in their own business, unless they happen to be litigants of long standing, as may be here and there found; men who are truly blessed in the heated air of courts, and who are only at peace in the

contentions of the crowd ; men who love to see the human countenance distorted with passion, and stained with crime ; unless such can be found, none can be said to appreciate the beauty of pleadings, the jerk of a rejoinder, the wit of rebutter, or the knock-down argumentativeness of the sur-rebutter. These, unhappily, are but Greek to the heroes of the battles fought under their golden flags ; and if victory crowns the combat, (for there are conflicts that may be fought over and over again, and at intervals of years, without being decisive,) the vanquished stares in stupid wonder at his defeat ; while the victor scarce believes his own good fortune. This is but a sorry view of litigation, but we see not how it can be charged to the profession, who are by no means accountable for the usages and musty processes which have been handed down, enveloped in all the mysterious majesty of antiquity.

We say nothing more of the importance of the profession of law, than that it will be necessary as long as the strong endeavor to oppress the weak ; as long as men strive to worry and devour each other ; but as long as the cause of injured innocence is to be pleaded, this profession will furnish bright examples of disinterested exertions, chivalrous eloquence, and fearless disclosure of truth, whatever be the consequence.

But we come now to the important influence of lawyers, in matters separated from the technicalities of their art. It is the privilege of the bar to hold a high station in society, and to come under customary respect, as men endowed with learning and eloquence. Cicero was a lawyer. Cæsar was a lawyer, as well as general. The great names of England belong to this profession, and in our own country, great men have been trained at the bar. We are by education prepared to think favorably of a man's intellect, when we hear that he belongs to this profession, and with reason ; for there is enough in a course of legal study, to make a great mind. The history of law, the reasons of decisions, the feudal system, embrace the history of the world, politically and morally. The right study of law embraces all other learning, and distinguished judges have even made themselves familiar with the mechanical arts, to assist them in deciding cases involving them. Parsons, of reported memory, is said to have set a ship-builder right in some nice examination regarding his business, in a trial ; and such instances have not been rare. We look to the bar for leaders in important matters. They are the patrons of literature, the forwarders of great movements in political economy, and the advocates of most of our public concerns. However good and sound may be the views of other men, the practice of the lawyer in courts, his familiarity with the forms of business, and the details of affairs, qualify him to speak publicly, when bodies of men are to be addressed ; and here is a noble field for the enlargement of his influence, and the generality of his fame. Another advantage is, that its pursuits are entirely of an intellectual nature. There is enough constantly to practice his ingenuity, to keep fresh his information, and to enlarge it. The lawyer is not a solitary student, bending his mind for learning's sake ; he lives in the very bustle and strife of mankind. He is acquainted with all the conspicuous men of his time ; his rank admits him to the highest society when abroad ; he is equally spurred on by



interest and pleasure. He never flags, and says it is all stale, flat, and unprofitable, for he meets encouragement at every step, in the suggestions of fame, money, and competition. The effect in society of this profession may be most salutary, its merits most conspicuous. Brougham has not thought penny magazines beneath his notice; much more has he given his influence to the higher order of literary societies. He finds time, amid the arduous duties of many stations, to act his part well in great and little concerns; acknowledging the principle, I presume, that they who do not attend well to their smaller duties, will probably neglect their larger ones. We have been speaking of law pursued as a science, and unless so pursued, of course none of the effects we have mentioned, will follow.

Of the medical profession, I hardly dare speak. It offers much room for real and justifiable reproach, at the same time that it numbers in its ranks some of the brightest names of the age, past and present. But it is yet a question whether the profession itself is not to blame for not long ago freeing the public from the incursions of imposters in science, by adopting a more easily-understood phraseology. The very constitution of the human mind makes it a ready prey to impositions, in cases where health and life are concerned. A drowning man will catch at a straw. Else who pays for the long and weary recountings of wonderful cures in our newspapers, the patent nostrums, the life-giving cordials, the redeeming cosmetics, the preservers of beauty, the renewers of youth, the cure-alls (more properly denominated the kill-alls,) who pays for all this trash? We answer, the very persons who think themselves too poor to call a regular physician; who think health is bought by the ounce, and the more medicine, the more health; who sometimes get ahead of the doctor, with a vengeance, as in the case of a poor family, who, calling a physician, happened to discover after his departure, that he had left some medicine; after contemplating the charm for some time, in astonishment, and wondering what it could be, they concluded to divide the stuff, and each to take a dose. It was done with greedy satisfaction, but it turned out to be sticking salve, and nearly cost them their lives. This is fact, and not fiction, and proves our assertion, that effort should be made to disabuse the public mind of any idea of charms and love-powders. It belongs to the profession of medicine itself, to do away with these ridiculous notions. Some have pretended to raise the dead; and we see the astonishing credulity of the public mind, in the fact, that even a regular physician jumps into an extensive practice by one unexpected cure; a cure which, after all, was effected by removing all medicines out of the reach of the patient, and giving nature fair play. Let us not be understood as speaking slightly of the healing art; it is as necessary, in our day of unnatural habits, as the prop which supports the overlaid tree; but we are taking the liberty to object to the unnecessary obscurity that is thrown around the subject, by terms and phrases. In a matter so near to the interest of every one, people should know things by their right names, that they may have the privilege of taking a little care of themselves. I am objecting to mystery, which makes the poor and ignorant an easy prey to quacks and pretenders. People generally have now few tests by which to try a physician, because the whole art is clothed in a language they can-

not understand. I am aware that upon some subjects, scientific phraseology is necessary; but we need an Abernethy in our country, who will reduce the subject to a little more common sense standard.

The profession of medicine opens a wide field for the exercise of philanthropy and charity. The poor are its subjects, for the most part, particularly in cities, where a large portion of the laboring population, debarred by their necessities from paying any attention to causes of disease, contract chronic disorders of inveterate strength. We say debarred: perhaps we should rather say, the evils of poverty, the miseries of vice, the pressing necessities of the hour, being the present great evil, they are insensible to the hints of nature, so easily discovered by those who have little to do but to think of their comfort and convenience. Here the physician has room to exercise all his charities, and they are not wanting. In times of epidemics, of the most malignant character, they are a bold, fearless, and philosophical class of men. At such times, often are they called to perform all the offices of nurse, doctor, minister, and undertaker; and hardly a sickly season has occurred of late, without depriving us of many of these most valuable men. Living as we do in what is called a *refined* state of society, which often means nothing more than dressing better, consuming larger quantities of food, and deeper goblets of sparkling wine, it would be hard to look for an alternative in the medical profession; and the fact that it draws its support from the miseries and sufferings of the world, is no objection to its respectability. Indeed, what profession is there, that does not draw its support from some suffering, necessity, or disability, unless it be that of the mountebank, who, after all, may be said to draw *his* support, too, from a suffering state of mind; a state of emptiness, we suppose, as unpleasant as hunger is to the body. The advantages to be derived from this walk in life, are few, in comparison to those of many others. In cities, many, to be sure, amass much wealth, but elsewhere, few acquire much property, as physicians merely. In its effect upon the mind of the individual, the natural result would seem to be, a hardening process. It cannot well be otherwise, than that the constant sight of pain, and disease, and death, should lead to philosophical inquiry, and these lead to theories calculated to stifle the feelings, and deaden the sensibilities. Here, however, a distinction is to be drawn between physical insensibility of nerve, and moral sensibility. A man may acquire great strength of nerve, and yet possess great tenderness of heart. We usually find those young men enter upon the study of medicine, after the discipline of a college life, who have evinced a love for the physical sciences, a taste for natural inquiry, while the aspiring, the turbulent, the lovers of pleasure and fame, the moot court debaters, the gallants, the club-men, choose the law. The quiet, meek-eyed student, the poetic dreamer, the elegant belle-lettres scholar, the man who loves solitary walks in the woods, or by the river's side, who gazes at the stars, not as the astronomer, but in mute wonder, and boundless awe, seeks the more retired labors of the divine, and kindles the lamp of his inspiration at the source of all knowledge.

Thus far, we have confined our remarks to those who labor in what are called the professions. In another and concluding number, we shall dwell upon the occupations of the mechanic trades.

## THE FADING TREE.

## I.

OLD TREE! — old tree! The only one  
 Round which the poet's mesh I twine,  
 When faintly wakes the autumnal sun,  
 Or wearied sleeps at day's decline,  
 I see the frost-king, here and there,  
 Doth mark some leaflets for his own,  
 And point with icy finger where  
 He soon shall rear a tyrant throne.

## II.

Too soon! too soon! in crimson bright,  
 Cold mockery of thy shame, he'll flout,  
 And proudly climb thy topmost height,  
 To hang his flaunting signal out;  
 While thou, all trembling at thy fate,  
 Shalt stand with sear'd and naked bark,  
 Like banner-staff, so tall and strait,  
 His ruthless victory to mark.

## III.

I too, old friend, when thou art gone,  
 Shall pensive to my casement go,  
 Or like the lonely Druid moan,  
 The blighting of the mistletoe;  
 But when young Spring, with matin clear,  
 Shall wake the bird, the stream, the tree,  
 Fain would I 'mid the train appear,  
 And hang my slender wreath on thee.

L. H. S.

*Hartford, Conn., Oct., 1838.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A RESIDENCE IN EUROPE.

## NUMBER THREE.

## A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

NOT all the luxury and brilliancy of this fascinating capitol, of whose intoxicating pleasures I had drank deeply enough, could reconcile me to the thought of being compelled to abandon a visit to the great catacombs, which undermine the south-eastern quarter of the city. I had, when a child, got possession of an old Galignani, which a connexion had brought from Europe, in those days when to have travelled beyond the Atlantic was a distinction for life, and my boyish fancy was deeply worked upon by the mysterious terrors of that subterranean city of the dead. Those long walls of leg and arm bones, piled with such curious regularity, with their layers of skulls at regular distances — ghastly ornaments in this architecture of death — still to be seen in the clumsy engravings that adorn the twentieth edition of the 'Guide,' filled my imagination with inexpressible terror. And though, at the period of my residence in Paris, these vaults had long ceased to be opened to the public, and consequently, to figure among the great curiosities of the capital, the desire I had always felt to explore them myself, retained as strong a

hold upon me as ever. I communicated my wishes to a gentleman, then the Vice Consul of the United States,\* and I was not a little discouraged on hearing that he had been, for several years, in vain soliciting permission to visit them himself. This favor, though so long denied, I have reason to believe, was at last accorded to him. An acquaintance I had fortunately formed with a gentleman holding a very high office under the government, in the engineer service, was the means of procuring me the leave I was so anxious to obtain. As a precaution against the danger of being lost among the intricate and intersecting passages of which this vast labyrinth is composed, and to guard against the possibility of a whole party being destroyed, for the want of the means of sending for relief, in the event of the sudden sinking of any part of the irregular archworks which supports the ground above the excavations, I was informed that it would be necessary to procure several persons to accompany me, in addition to the guide. To prevent confusion, the number was limited, the person deputed to accompany us having received instructions to admit a party of eight. I was told it would be necessary to descend by night, to avoid attracting attention, or giving any unnecessary publicity to our visit. It was generally understood that the dangerous condition of the catacombs, which had been excavated with little skill, or attention to render them secure, was the reason which led the government, several years before, to prohibit the admission of visitors; and that a large number of workmen were constantly engaged, under the direction of the engineer department, in repairing and strengthening the walls and pillars which sustain the portion of the city built above. Much uneasiness had been felt among the inhabitants of that quarter of the capitol, in consequence of one or two alarming accidents; and it was hoped that, by entirely closing them to the public, the alarm would sooner subside. The apprehensions of the people were not entirely unfounded. The sudden sinking of a house, some seventy feet under ground, an occurrence which left a fearful impression on the public mind, was a more real cause

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\* THIS amiable and accomplished young gentleman, Mr. BRADFORD, of New-York, had, greatly to his own credit and the public benefit, acted for some time as Consul, previously to the appointment of Mr. BRENT, the present popular officer; he subsequently discharged the duties of the office of Vice Consul. His untimely death, (which occurred during the last winter,) will be long regretted by the large circle of friends, composed of Americans from every quarter of the Union, which he had formed during his official residence in Paris. His attentive politeness and unaffected kindness of heart, will not be the less gratefully remembered, for its contrast with the rudeness, heartlessness, and vulgarity, which, I blush to confess, has but too frequently disgraced our own agents and ministers abroad. Lest this language should appear unwarrantably harsh, I will, at the risk of extending this note beyond the patience of the reader, mention one of many circumstances of a similar character, which have come within the limited sphere of my own knowledge. A young American, an artist, of small means, but of great worth and promise, was in ———, prosecuting the study of his profession. Some accident unexpectedly reduced him to the most distressing want. While waiting for remittances from his friends in this country, his slender resources became entirely exhausted; he was reduced to his last franc. A few dollars were sufficient to relieve him. In this state of almost literal starvation, he applied to the American Chargé for temporary assistance. His character was unblemished, and his connexions of the most respectable character, and affectionately attached to him, as the letters in his possession abundantly proved. The reply he received, from one who should be, officially, the friend of every American abroad, was, 'that any man who couldn't make his own living, ought to throw himself in the ———,' and with this recommendation he was turned from his door. To those who are aware that every American sailor has a right to demand assistance from any consul of his own country abroad, whenever he may find himself in want, and who know how frequently the nets which are dragged through this river bring up the bodies of men who have sought death in one form only to avoid it another more terrible, that reply will exhibit in a far more atrocious light the spirit of this wretched agent, than it can appear to persons who have never lived but in our own abundant country. The refusal of assistance was niggardly and disgraceful, but the language in which it was conveyed, was more than inhuman — it was brutal.

for alarm, than is generally to be found at the bottom of a popular panic.

Saturday, the —— of January, was fixed for the evening of our descent. It was a cold, clear night, of unusual brilliancy, for the latitude of Paris. A couple of fiacres were ordered to be in attendance at seven, and we rose from the dinner table to prepare for our visit. It was the night of the first great ball of the season at the Tuilleries; and as we drove through the Place du Carousel, the brilliant illumination of the vast suite of apartments, which extend the whole length of the palace, made me almost regret that I had given up so splendid a spectacle, for the gloomy visit on which we were bound. Crossing the Seine, we directed our course through the Quartier Latin and the Faubourg St. Jacques, toward the Barrière, beyond which, at a house the number of which had been given to us, we were directed to inquire for the person appointed to accompany us to these regions of the dead, to which we were hurrying with an impatience seldom exhibited, even by those whom an inexorable necessity compels to such a journey. Descending the principal street of one of those villages of laborers to be found at almost every gate leading from the city, we drew up in front of a neat three story building, which bore the number we were in search of. One of our drivers gave a pull at the bell. In a few minutes the guide made his appearance. He requested us to drive a few hundred yards to a shop farther on, at which we quitted our carriages, leaving them with orders to the coachmen to await our return. Here we procured a supply of wax candles, of the peculiar construction used by workmen, and others visiting the catacombs. Proceeding some distance farther down the principal street, now become an open road, we turned to the left, and entered a narrow alley, enclosed on either side by high walls. We were now some distance beyond the village; we had left the last houses and lights behind us; and began to feel, as we entered this lonely and desolate avenue, that we had already passed from the region of the living. Not a tree nor a house was to be seen; nothing but the two long, unbroken walls, which stretched before us across the fields, dead and cold, and presenting an appearance in perfect keeping with the spot to which they led. The moon itself seemed to throw an unearthly light over the uncultivated waste. We walked with rapid steps, which the coolness of the evening made necessary to our comfort, a few hundred yards along this alley, when the guide suddenly stopped, unlocking a door in the wall on our left. We entered an uncovered yard, some sixty feet square, in one corner of which was a small brick house, covering the entrance to the catacombs. The door of this little building being unfastened, we entered a small unplastered apartment, and were not displeased to exchange the nipping cold of the open air, for the comfortable warmth proceeding from the vaults below. The door being carefully locked from within, as soon as the necessary preparation of lighting our candles was completed, we commenced the descent, the guide preceding us. A winding stairway of stone, scarcely wide enough to admit a single person of extraordinary size, leads, by a flight of some eighty or ninety steps, to the vaults. We found ourselves, on reaching the bottom, in a broad, irregular passage, with a black

line, painted on the rough ceiling of stone, pointing out a direct course to the entrance of the great city of the dead. It is supposed that the bones of more than three millions of people are collected in this vast charnel-house, but the space occupied by them forms a very small portion of the quarries under the city. These excavations compose a series of passages, from fifteen to twenty feet in width, and ten or twelve in height, running in every possible direction, and intersecting each other so frequently, and at angles so irregular, as to render it absolutely impossible to find one's way, but by the aid of some such contrivance as a line painted on the ceiling. We proceeded some distance along one of these passages, before reaching the portal of the great cemetery. An appropriate inscription reminded us that we had arrived at the awful limits of this dread abode of the dead. We passed within. Piles of human bones, several feet deep, reached on either hand from the floor to the ceiling. A peculiar but not offensive smell, which I fancied to proceed from these great masses of mouldering bones, *ossa non inodora*, left an impression on my nerves I shall scarcely ever forget. We wandered through these passages, examining, with a curious attention, that quite exhausted the patience of our guide, every object that we passed. Innumerable inscriptions, from Latin and French poets, among whom Virgil and J. B. Rousseau seemed the greatest favorites, some full of tenderness and regret, others of a more philosophizing but equally melancholy turn, caught our eyes wherever we turned.

The air of this subterranean world was of balmy softness; the surface on which we walked dry and smooth; and if one could be reconciled to the mute society of this unliving multitude, and to the endless night which pervades a region where the sun never shone, and from which the face of heaven is for ever shut out, it would be difficult to select a more enviable habitation. For some time I found it absolutely impossible to rid myself of the strange feelings excited by so novel a situation. Enclosed in the very bosom of the earth, deep buried beneath the possibility of human assistance, our little party was surrounded by three millions of the dead! I felt that the most frivolous curiosity had led us to violate, with irreverent steps, the solemn repose of the grave. I looked upon myself as a criminal; and shuddered as I thought upon the dreadful punishment that might await our impious rashness. I imagined every instant that I should see the long buried ghosts of the millions around me, rising from the dead, to avenge our sacrilegious presence. I was overwhelmed with terror; I strained my ears to catch the faintest sound; I fixed my eyes upon a skull, to see if its hideous features changed their fixed grin of death. Not a sound was heard; nothing moved; the silence of the vaults was unbroken, save by the distant footsteps of our party, who were by this time some distance before me. I was safe. The iron hand of Death held down the vast multitude around me! How mighty is his power!

The great mass of bones in these catacombs were brought from the cemeteries within the walls of Paris, before the first revolution. It has never been a place of private interment. The remains of those who were murdered on the memorable tenth of August, and in one or two other of the more dreadful massacres of the revolution,



are deposited here; their bones are not exposed to view. A separate vault, closely walled up, contains the remains of the victims of each of these massacres. A brief inscription records the time and manner of their death.

The spirit of collecting seems to have invaded even these dismal caverns. In the arrangement of the bones, a selection was made of such as exhibited peculiar formation; and they have been carefully preserved in a museum. The guide conducted us to this *interesting* collection. We found it carefully laid out on shelves, in a chamber cut from the solid rock. Here were certainly specimens of the most curious distortions; skulls of a construction to afford inexpressible delight to any nose-fingering disciple of Gall; and I am not entirely satisfied that some of them may not even now be attracting the attention of the learned upon the upper earth; for one of our party, a student of medicine, appeared to me to betray a very suspicious interest in this exhibition; and I soon after observed him arranging the folds of his cloak in a manner that was far from dissipating any doubt I might have previously entertained of his intentions.

In a quarter remote from the stairway by which we entered, is a plan of the city and harbor of Mahon, with its fortifications, as they existed about the middle of the last century, cut from the rock by a soldier, who had been many years a prisoner of war in that town. He is said to have employed more than seven years in the execution of this wretched task, passing every day from ten to twelve hours in his solitary occupation. The work is rude, but is said to be exact. I confess that this spot excited my interest, for it spoke eloquently of the desolate misery of man. This poor hermit had served the better part of his life in the armies of France; he had been scarred, maimed, imprisoned, for years. He had hoped, perhaps, to pass the remainder of his days in his own beloved country, in ease and happiness, in the bosom of his family, descending full of honor to the grave. He returned; but alas! what a picture does this vain employment and hideous solitude not exhibit of ruined hopes, of disappointed affections, of bereavement, of utter nakedness and desolation of heart! What could man, or woman, or lisping childhood, or the sweet face of nature, have been to him, who, from no affectation of misanthropy, but from the mere impulse of the heart, could thus withdraw himself from the earth, to live buried in the frightful gloom of these unvisited vaults, amid death, and solitude, and eternal night! What a consciousness was here, of the emptiness of life, of the vanity of its ambition, of its labors and cares! What was the surly cynicism of Diogenes to this! What think ye of the poetical philosophy of the wisest of men — is there such a lesson in the proverbs of the Jewish monarch? Which was blessed with the '*fortem animum, et mortis terrore carentem*,' the poor hermit of the catacombs, or the king of kings?

Turning in another direction, we passed a place where the earth had fallen in, and the broken rocks lay one upon another, as if the accident had occurred but a few days before. On a closer inspection, this appeared evidently not the case. I inquired with surprise why this breach had not been repaired; but the guide could give no ex-

planation of the reasons which had caused it to be left in so insecure a condition. Here and there I observed occasional marks of recent work; but I confess it did not strike me that much labor had been expended in any part of the vaults through which we passed, or that there was any danger attending a visit to them, sufficient to justify the exclusion of the public. I concluded it was in the vast quarries beyond the limits of the burial place, that the danger was to be found; and that there perhaps workmen were employed in rebuilding and strengthening the foundations of the city. There was no temptation to visit those dark passages, in which we should have had to scramble over blocks of loose stone, exposed perhaps to atmospheres of the most fatal gases; and I never ascertained the truth of my conjecture.

We still wandered on, among avenues lined with bones, built up with the same monotonous regularity. We perceived that our course led, with a rapid inclination, deeper into the earth. We had not proceeded very far, before we found ourselves at the top of a flight of broad steps; descending these, we discovered, at the extremity of a long passage, a spring of the purest water, collected in a basin hollowed in the rock. We held our tapers over its surface, smooth as glass, and counted the pebbles that covered its bottom. Not a breath of air had ever ruffled its placid surface; eternal darkness rested upon its waters, save when the glimmering lights of some wanderers like ourselves were mirrored in its bosom. The guide informed us that numbers of little golden-backed fish had been left in its waters; but they never long survived. The last time he had been here, there were still two or three remaining, of a half dozen left not very long before. But they were no longer to be seen; after some minutes, we discovered the body of one, probably the last to die, floating on the surface. No living thing could long breathe such an atmosphere of darkness and death. Its sunless waters reminded me of the fabulous rivers of the infernal world; and I almost persuaded myself, as I stooped over its brink, that one draught would have steeped my senses in a pleasing oblivion of the world. Perhaps the poor prisoner of Mahon had tasted its Lethean powers.

Our visit lasted several hours, during which we heard nothing of the upper earth, save the occasional rumbling of some heavily-laden wagon, as it passed directly over our heads. We returned along the route we had entered, and were not sorry to feel again the reviving coldness of the open air, and to find ourselves once more *upon* the earth; a sensation not completely realized, until we had locked the last door upon the catacombs, and were beyond the enclosures of this region of the dead.

A TRAVELLER.

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#### THE BAD BARGAIN.

THIS happy pair the day and night  
 To tax each other waste,  
 With every failing under heaven,  
 Except a — want of taste!  
 In one thing only both agree,  
 And mutual discord waive;  
 He Julia joins, to wet with tears  
 Her former husband's grave!

c.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ECONOMY.** Illustrated by Observations made in England, in the year 1836. By THEODORE SEDGWICK. One volume. pp. 210. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IF this book, in its specific object, were entirely useless, which it is far from being, still it would effect the valuable purpose of showing, that a subject which most people suppose to be confined to high conclaves, abstract thinkers, and Adam Smith, may be naturally, simply, and clearly treated, without any solemn mystification, and learned nonsense. The reader is supposed to be acquainted with things in America, and our author takes him over to England in a packet ship. No sooner is he embarked, than he begins to examine the principles of the facts about him. He journeys through much of England, and his mind is active all the while. He is teaching his pupil political economy at every step; and the man who can read his remarks of sailors, packets, temperance, roads, dress, Christian equality, productive labor, ornament, etc., and find nothing to assent to, or much to blame, will disagree with us. It is an easy book to read. Some, on this account, may think it trite. Some people, not a few, have the idea that every thing which is called learned and useful, a science, must be hard to understand. They think 'the hardest way is the rightest way;' as the man who, ignorant of spelling, trying to spell Peter, did it thus, *P-e-a-t-o-u-r*, triumphantly; as much as to say, 'Find a harder way than that, if you can!' Now this man, in his lamentable views of orthography, is like many in their notions of religion, science, and art. With them, the *hard* is the *right*. But it is generally just the other way. Many persons will read this book, who never would nor could read Adam Smith. If it were possible for people to read it without thinking they were learning political economy, it were better. Our author places productive labor and temperance as the ground work of our national prosperity. These are to bring about that republican, Christian equality, which is the proper destiny of nations. While a man is manufacturing useless trinkets, he is paid for his work, but is not, beyond this, benefited by his employment. His time is lost to society. But if he be employed in making a road, here too he is paid for his labor, but he has the privilege of using the road; the expense of carriage of produce is lessened; prices are equalized, and so the poor man is benefitted. The trinket is unproductive labor; the road is productive labor. Apply this principle to dress, food, etc. If a man wear garments that do not protect him comfortably, or subserve a good taste, or show off, by their adaptation to his employment, his manliness and dignity, this is unproductive dress. A productive dress is that which keeps him in the best health; suffers him to move with the least fatigue, or one which, by its cost, does not infringe upon his other wants. So too of diet. A productive diet will give him most strength, the best heart, the clearest judgment. Wine and stimulating drinks, which addle the brain, are very unproductive affairs. Simplicity in dress, and temperance in eating and drinking, are no less a man's interest than his Christian duty; indeed the

duty is founded upon the fact of their being for his interest. There is hardly a page of the book where our author does not speak of the temperance principle; and to us the subject seems not to be dragged forward, but to come in, like all his other remarks, from the nature of the case.

There are many good thoughts, upon many subjects, in this book. We might quote many beautiful passages, many sound opinions, many philanthropic notions; much religious, republican, patriotic feeling. We must content ourselves, however, with advising the reader to purchase the work; especially the laborer, and packet owners, over-dressy people, and those who eat dinners at five dollars a plate, or any larger sum.

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SKETCHES IN LONDON. By JAMES GRANT, Author of 'Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons,' 'The Great Metropolis,' etc. In one volume. pp. 408. London: W. S. OER AND COMPANY. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE first and only copy of this work, which has reached America, lies before us; and 'at the present writing,' it has not even been published in England. We have perused portions of the book with very considerable interest and pleasure. In narrative and description, Mr. GRANT seldom fails in placing his pictures vividly before the reader; but his attempts at dialogue, and at making his personages *reveal themselves*, after the manner of the Pickwickians, by their bearing and conversation, are much less felicitous. He is sometimes tediously minute, and writes as if he were conscious of the solemnity of an oath, by which he is bound to 'state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' He pads out his sentences, too, occasionally, with unnecessary epithets, as in the following, where he takes the trouble to explain what could not but be clear to the dullest reader, and takes a score of words to say that a man slapped his thigh: 'On that I am resolved,' said he, laying a particular stress on the word 'resolved,' and giving a forcible stroke with the palm of his right hand, to one of his legs, a little above his knee!' Now and then, moreover, our author seems to labor under an absolute epilepsy of the fancy; and in the merely sentimental parts of his work, he not unfrequently exhibits a little *fadeur* and insipidity. Yet with all these blemishes, the volume is, as we have said, one of much general interest and cleverness; describing at large the begging impostors of the Great Babylon, its debtors' prisons, the VICTORIA parliament, penny theatres, metropolitan and city police and police-offices, work-houses, lunatic asylums, Bartholomew and Greenwich fairs, gaming-houses, gamblers, etc.

The chapter upon the mendicant impostors of the town, commences with the begging letter-writers, who it seems are a very numerous corps, conducting their ramified operations on business principles, and keeping a regular diary of their proceedings, to prevent subsequent mistakes, and some of them even retain an active recording secretary. Mr. GRANT believes that a thousand letters are written daily to the nobility, and persons of known benevolence in the middle ranks of life, by these ingenious rogues, and often with incredible success. Sometimes the writers assume to be themselves men of substance, soliciting additions to their own subscriptions, in aid of some unfortunate person, in whose sad fate they have been made to feel a deep interest. Great was the surprise of a benevolent divine, on one occasion, on meeting at dinner a hale and hearty brother clergyman, with whom he was slightly acquainted by reputation, to whose numerous wants, as a bed-ridden pauper, in a distant suburb, he had long been contributing, through the medium of one of these disinterested epistolary philanthropists. Great delicacy was observed, in

inquiring how long since he had got about, and whether his circumstances were now really quite comfortable! Here is a skeleton of the letters of one of these chevaliers, minus the pathos, flattery, and 'gammon.' The writer mentions, it will be seen, first, the name of the party applied to, secondly, the name assumed in the application, thirdly, the fictitious case of distress, and lastly, the result. It will remind the reader of the memoranda of the Boston thief, to 'go to New-England Museum, scrutinize; get things; go to book-store, get pen-knife, *gratis*,' etc:

- 'Feb. 6. — Marquis of Bristol. Mary Cole; blind; seven children; three cripples.
- 'Feb. 8. — Admiral Curzon. Ship Pallas; Sam Bowden, mate; seized for 4*l.* 4*s.* rent; paralytic stroke. Result, 2*l.*
- 'Feb. 15. — Admiral Curzon. Ship Douglas; Powden, Mackey, and Bill Stroud, cripples, and two stone blind. Received 2*l.*
- 'Feb. 26. — Sir Peter Durham, Lieutenant Spratt; leg off; hard up. Result, 20*l.*
- 'March 12. — Countess of Mansfield. Widow; nine children; hooping cough; cholera morbus; measles; croup. Result 10*l.*
- 'March 14. — Lord Melbourne. Jane Simpson; father blind; mother dead; no money to bury her.
- 'March 18. — Countess of Mansfield. Daughter supporting mother and grandmother by needle-work; lost use of both hands; furniture seized for 6*l.* 10*s.* Received 3*l.*
- 'March 24. — Earl Fitzwilliam. Goods seized for 4*l.* 4*s.*; no fuel; no bed; wife just lying in. Result 2*l.*

The information requisite to assume the character of a disabled sailor, was easily obtained, by visiting Greenwich Hospital, and entering into familiar conversation with some veteran pensioner, over an eleemosynary pot of porter. These 'epistolarian impostors,' as Mr. GRANT terms them, exhibit for the most part admirable tactics, and often impose upon the most shrewd and wary persons, by the adroitness of their styles, and the character of their hand-writing. They do not always succeed, however, as the annexed extracts from the journal of one of their number will show:

- 'June 20. — Addressed the Duke of Richmond under the name of John Smith; case, leg amputated, out of work for six months, and wife and seven children starving. 'T would n't do.
- 'June 25. — Letter to Bishop of London; name, William Anderson; case, licensed clergyman of the Church of England, but unemployed for four years, and wife dead three weeks ago, leaving five motherless children. Result, no go: too old a bird to be caught with chaff; but try it again, next week.
- 'June 28. — Try Sir Peter Laurie; case, industrious Scotchman, but no employment; lived on bread and water for eight days, but no bread nor any thing to eat for the last three days; name, John Laurie. Result, referred to the Mendicity Society, Sir Peter being too far north to be done; no gammoning him.
- 'July 3. — Address Lord Wynford; name Samuel Downie; case, ruined by attachment to Toryism; have often detected treasonable conspiracies, and been a proscribed man by former acquaintances in consequence; great hater of Reform, which means revolution; ready to shed my blood in defence of Church and State. Result, long letter, enclosing *half a sovereign*. Miserable work this; wont pay for consumption of time and paper; Wynford a stingy customer; stingy old boy to deal with; cut the connexion, at once.
- 'July 4. — Wrote to Lord Brougham; directed to apply to the Mendicity Society; particularly obliged to his Lordship for his advice, but would have preferred a sovereign or two; have no wish to make the acquaintance of these Society gentry; wonder how his lordship himself would like their bone-gruel, which they dignify with the name of soup, and to be kept to hard work at the mill into the bargain?

Most fertile are the tricks of the street-beggars, many of whom amass large fortunes. Thirty English shillings, it is affirmed, have frequently been the result of one day's skilful prosecution of street mendicity. The 'law and the profits,' however, do not seem to have favorable affinity, since the latter have evidently declined, if we may judge from a little circumstance mentioned by our author. A young man and an old one meeting accidentally one afternoon in the streets, the first inquired of the latter what success he had met with that day. 'Ah!' said the old

man, plaintively, begging is n't what it was! It's fifty pounds a year worse, than when I began the business!' The expedients of these street-beggars are infinitely varied. One gets a good living from the dropsy; another, shivering with well-feigned chills, drives a successful trade with an effigy-babe pressed to her bosom, beneath tattered garments, or a pair of painted twins, for twilight custom; men with ten motherless children are more common than successful. One enterprising fellow, with an accomplice always at hand to give the alarm, in the character of a passer-by or by-stander, derives an ample income from drowning himself in warm weather, and hanging himself during the winter; taking good care, ever, to have, in the one case, a boat at hand, and in the other, his friend near by, to cut him down from the lamp-post, just in time to tell his pitiful tale, describe the despair that drove him to the rash act, and to take up a liberal collection from the commiserating crowd around him.

We pass the prison scenes, and the sketch of the 'Lumber Troop,' as more immediately local, and of little interest to the American reader. Mention should be made, however, of the engravings which illustrate them, for they are very capital outlines. The 'Lock-up House,' and 'Cheering the Speech of a Comrade,' are worthy of CRUIKSHANK, in his happiest mood. The description of the VICTORIA Parliament is natural, lively, and spirited. The failure of young D'ISRAELI, and Mr. GIBSON CRAIG, a new member for Edinburgh, in their maiden attempt to address the House of Commons, are really painful to read; and how humane legislators could have looked gloatingly on, howling, and assailing, in all manner of forms, passes our poor comprehension. Common courtesy, decency, even, one would think, should have prompted a different course.

That division of the book which touches upon the penny theatres — unlicensed and cheap places of cheap amusement, unknown to American audiences, and familiar only to audiences happily unknown to America — is not without interest. They swarm in the poor and dense districts of the metropolis, and are patronized mainly by the children of indigent parents, from eight to sixteen years of age. Some of these establishments are capable of holding two thousand persons; and as the plays are clipped and short, Hamlet and Richard the Third, abbreviated, being 'done up' in about twenty minutes, they are cleared three or four times of an evening, for a new congregation of juvenile listeners, who can compass 'a consideration.' Our author tells an amusing story of an accident which befel a penurious manager of one of these houses, in endeavoring to avoid an engagement with the owner of two wonderful canine actors, when *their* services, and not *his*, were to constitute the principal attraction. The owner persisted. It must be his dogs and himself, or no dogs at all. The sagacious animals would perform their marvels with no one else. The huckstering manager doubted this, and craved permission to try whether, by running across the room, and using the words repeated by the owner, in the play, one of the animals would not seize *him* by his coat-collar, as well, without doing him any injury. The master consented, but the experiment failed. The dog remained motionless. 'It strikes me,' said the disappointed manager, 'that if you were to say 'Go, Sir!' in a harsh tone, when I repeat the words, that he would at once perform the feat.' 'Very well, Sir,' replied the owner, 'we will try the experiment, if you wish it.' The preliminaries were again gone through with, and when the master said 'Go, Sir!' the canine giant *went*, and with entire effect. He darted off like an arrow; seized the manager ferociously by the nape of the neck, threw him violently upon the floor, and giving two or three tremendous growls, seemed on the point of making mince-meat of his prey, who, petrified with fright, was glad enough to be rescued, and to permit the master to perform with his dogs, and on his own



terms. He was never quite satisfied, however, that there was not some peculiarity in the tone of the 'Go, Sir!' used on this occasion, which caused the dog so suddenly to sink the actor, in such a fearful manner!

The penny theatres are followed by a detailed account of the work-houses of London, and every thing connected with them, all of which is revolting enough; and the reader is left to conclude, that the picture presented of these establishments in 'Oliver Twist,' is by no means overdrawn. The celebrated etcher, 'Quiz,' has done ample justice to the sketch of the 'Work-house Dinner.' It speaks more eloquently than words, of the meagre accommodations afforded to the unfortunate inmates. The lunatic asylums of the metropolis are treated of at length, but the details are too melancholy for the sensitive reader. The engraved sketch of the interior of an asylum, is indeed most painfully true to nature. We cannot now call to mind a more spirited etching, from the pencil of any living artist. The man of science, the philosopher, the scholar, whom much learning hath made mad, the enthusiast artist, the weak ultra religionist, moaning in agony, the imaginary king, and the victim of terror, all are admirably depicted, and placed in strong and effective contrast.

We intended to have condensed a few passages of interest from the chapters, in the main rather passé, which are devoted to a description of 'Bartholomew and Greenwich Fairs,' 'Gaming Houses and Gamblers,' and the 'Courts of Request;' but our limits will not permit. Each chapter is accompanied with characteristic etchings. The one entitled 'Deep Play,' is a striking picture of the painful intensity of interest felt by the abandoned gamester, while waiting the hazard of the die, which is to decide his fate. A few copies of the beautifully-executed work under notice, by the time these pages will be laid before our city readers, will probably be on sale at the publication-office of this Magazine, Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM'S, Broadway.

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THE VISION OF RUBETA, AN EPIC STORY OF THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN. With Illustrations done on Stone. In one volume. pp. 411. Boston: WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY.

THIS very beautiful volume opens with the subjoined sentence: 'I advise nobody to attempt to find me out; the endeavor can only end in disappointment.' Our author need not be alarmed. No one will take the trouble to seek to pluck out the heart of his mystery, nor to read his ponderous mass of awful satire, commentary, notes, and criticism — the product of laborious fishing in all manner of waters with all manner of nets. Altogether, the volume is as pretty a specimen of pen-and-ink work, as one could find of a summer's day. The style of the prose is an elaborate caricature of 'The Doctor.' SOUTHEY, however, wrote from a full mind; while our author has only liberally availed himself of the researches of sundry parchment intellects, who have explored for him the charnel-houses of Grecian literature, and waded through the muddy deposits of dullest ancients. Yet he indulges the belief, we have no doubt, that a ground-work of English, spotted with all kinds of living and dead languages,

—— 'a parti-colored dress  
Of patched and pye-bald tongues,'

must establish the fame of his great and various learning, beyond all gainsaying or peradventure.

The first twenty passages of the work are quite sufficient to correct any hopes of

amusement, in which the reader may have indulged. After nearly dislocating our jaws with yawning over it, we handed it to a friend at our elbow, whose subsequent fate should be fruitful of grave monition. We chanced to have occasion to leave the apartment, for a half hour, in search of a missing manuscript, and on returning, we found that, like parson Langford's hapless critic, he had been plunged into a minor sort of trance. He was discovered with the book lying before him, in a state of the most profound sleep, from which it was found impossible to awaken him, for a great length of time. By much exertion, however, and carefully removing the book itself to a considerable distance, he was restored. The only account he could give of himself, was, that he remembered reading on regularly, until he came to the notes on page 121, beyond which, he recollected nothing. To sum up, therefore, from this sad accident, as well as upon our own dear experience, in a cursory perusal of the book — yet such perusal as only readers of an enterprising turn of mind will yield it — we are compelled to say of the volume, that it is by no means what we took it for. On the contrary, aside from a general mechanical ease of rhythm, and a few clever passages, it is remarkable for little else than acidity, indecency, and laborious, invincible dullness. Our author and his editor ('a weak invention') are only great in little things, at the best; and their united labors will only be saved from speedy oblivion, by the distinguished garb in which the printer has clothed them. The designs of the cuts are not infelicitous, and the types and paper are clear and white; but since these qualities alone will not attract buyers, we deem it our duty to advise our friends the publishers, that if, as is more than probable, they have many sheets of the edition on hand, they would do well to enter at once into a contract for furnishing linings to some industrious band-box builder.

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SKETCHES OF THE UPPER WABASH VALLEY. By HENRY WILLIAM ELLSWORTH. In one vol. pp. 175. New-York: PRATT, ROBINSON AND COMPANY.

THIS well-written book will gratify those who merely read for amusement or information, while for the thousands who have a pecuniary interest in the magnificent regions of the west, or look thither with the eye of curiosity as a future possible home, it is replete with valuable information. It touches precisely on those points concerning which a stranger to the great west would inquire of an intelligent resident in those regions. The purchase and sale of lands; the cost and profit of their cultivation; the products best adapted to their soil; the income to be derived from agricultural operations; the various labor-saving machines; the healthfulness of different sections; the lines of communication, and internal improvements, now finished, and in the course of completion; the inducements for capitalists to invest, and for laborers and farmers to emigrate; these are among the interesting topics discussed in this volume.

MR. ELLSWORTH is a gentleman of education and talent, and has for many years been thoroughly conversant with the western world. He has himself been connected with extensive agricultural operations, and has added much experience and observation to the information derivable from books, in regard to the subjects of which he writes. He has also had access to the correspondence between the Hon. HENRY L. ELLSWORTH, of Washington, and eminent agriculturalists in various parts of the union. Many letters derived from this source are embodied in the text, or appendix, of this volume, and form a very valuable portion of its contents. This book, like the eloquent report of Mr. RUGGLES, to which indeed it is an ap-

propriate sequel, cannot fail to fill the reader with astonishment at the vast resources and immense agricultural value of the interior and western portions of our country. The report alluded to, has been reprinted in England, and has contributed largely to increase the confidence of all who have read it, in the wealth and future progress of the United States. Five or six powerful western states are rapidly rising into eminence at the west; a territory more than six times as large as England, and embracing more than one hundred and eighty millions of acres of arable, fertile land.

The volume contains a beautiful plan and drawing of a 'prairie cottage,' with details which will render its construction perfectly easy. It contains two rooms fifteen feet square, with chambers and a piazza; and the estimated expense of the whole is but two hundred dollars! It is a benevolent exercise of a cultivated mind, to furnish the details of such economical and pleasant structures, surpassing in convenience, and even in cheapness, the log cabins to which emigrants so often resort.

In perusing this pleasant book, nothing has struck us with more surprise, than the extent to which machinery has been applied to the purposes of agriculture. Our author has gathered the fullest information on this subject, and has given descriptions of eighteen different labor-saving inventions, some of which perform the labor of several men. He has chapters, also, on the cultivation of the sugar beet, broom-corn, tobacco, the sun-flower, and flax. A new process for the manufacture of the latter product, of the highest importance to the northern and western states, is here described. It bids fair, we should judge, to render the manufacture of flax so rapid and cheap, as to supplant, in some measure, the use of cotton. For the particulars, we must refer the reader to the volume itself. The privations incident to a western residence, are in a great measure an offset to the prospect of rapid wealth; but they are yearly becoming less and less; and so far as society is concerned, the most fastidious emigrant will hardly complain, if the west numbers among its population many gentlemen possessing the intelligence, taste, and scholarship, of the accomplished author of this work.

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THE GIFT: A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT, for 1839. Edited by MISS LESLIE. pp. 324. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS is certainly a very excellent annual, whether we regard its tasteful and delicate arabesque binding, the general beauty of its engravings, or the entertainment to be derived from its clear letter-press pages. The frontispiece and title-page vignette, engraved by CHENEY, from paintings by CHALON and SULLY, are gems, especially the latter. 'Rustic Civility,' is another very felicitous picture, painted by COLLINS, and engraved by PEASE; and so too is 'The Goldfinch,' from the pencil of PARRIS, and the graver of FORREST. There are also several other prints of merit. The contents are from the pens of some of our best writers. JOHN INMAN leads off the dance, with a very spirited story, entitled 'The Prisoner's Last Dream;' MORGAN NEVILLE, a western *littérateur* of eminence, has an extended and very clever sketch, called 'Poll Preble, or the Law of the Deer-Hunt;' and the accomplished author of 'Clinton Bradshaw' another, entitled 'A chapter from the Adventures of a Lame Gentleman.' Miss EMMA C. EMBURY, ROBERT WALSH, Jr., Miss H. B. STOWE, and others whom we have not space to mention, add to the prose attractions of the volume. The poetry is abundant, and much of it good; among the best, that by PARK BENJAMIN, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Mrs. GILMAN, Miss H. F. GOULD, and Mrs. HALE. Altogether, the volume is such a 'Gift' as any friend may make to a sister or a lover, with the assurance, that while its adornments may delight, its intellectual qualities will interest and improve, the reader.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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A GOSSIP WITH SOME OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS. — We have opened our 'drawer' once more, for a short parley with some of the literary prisoners, that have been awaiting their trials for several weeks, and even months, charged with apparent offences against taste or propriety. As usual, many have suffered confinement, by reason of a hasty suspicion originally attached to them, which finally proves to have been groundless. A few of these are honorably discharged below; and to the friends of others yet in duress, we can only say, that they too 'shall have all justice,' when time and space shall serve. In short, to drop an unmanageable metaphor, and proceed to business, we resign a copious 'note-book,' to make room in the present number for more acceptable matter, from various correspondents; and in a subsequent issue, we shall consider many remaining favors, of a kindred character. The subjoined deserves the place of honor, and it shall have precedence. Make way, therefore, ye intellectual dapperlings, and literary exquisites, who beat the coverts of the imagination for hard-wrought similes, make way for a farmer's boy, from a sequestered vale of the Connecticut, who draws his figures from ever-glorious nature! What an unassured and faltering hand he throws across the lyre, in the annexed stanzas, which were carded and spun at the plough-tail, in the open field, and under the clear sky! The letter which accompanied the lines, is characteristic, and we cannot resist the inclination to quote it here. 'I can't think of any lie,' says the writer, 'to serve as an apology for this intrusion:

'I am nae poet, in a sense,  
But just a rhymmer, like, by chance,  
An' hae to learning nae pretence,  
Yet, what the matter?  
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,  
I jingle at her.'

'My calling is the plough; my delight the wondrous works of Nature; and when abroad, pursuing my labors in the open air, the melody of birds, and the music of winds and waters, fill me with — what shall I call it? — *inspiration*? It is something more difficult for me to describe, than it would be to write off the notes played by an Æolian harp. At such times, conning over the sweet strains of some favorite bard, or raving to the winds in my own imperfect measure, gives my spirit ease, and fills my breast with that 'peace which passeth all understanding.' Any thing which savors of Indian memory — an arrow-head, a mouldering bone, a broken pipe, or other like relics, which are often disinterred by our farmers — is sure to affect my poor muse. From a child, I have been an ardent admirer of the Indian character; have indulged, alternately, in tears of sympathy, while poring over the red man's wrongs, and the burnings of indignation, at the iniquities practised upon him by villanous white men, libelling the name of Christian. This attachment led me, in the autumn of 18 —, to the wilds of Wisconsin and Iowa, where I sojourned for a considerable period, revelling in the romance of burning prairies and primeval forests, and entering with spirit into all the soul-stirring scenes of a savage and backwoods life. \* \* I subjoin an offspring of my rustic Muse, which is about a day and a half old. Should the old gentleman of the long pipe and antique chair think it promising enough to become its sponsor in baptism, and give it a

name, it would be useless for me to add, that its poor mother would be justly proud of such a god-father. On the contrary, should it be frowned at for venturing so far from home, among strangers, the returning of this sheet will be a sufficient hint for the dame to keep her 'bairns' at home for the future, to make the most of the solitudes of their nativity. The present state of my purse debars me from many a literary feast, such as the KNICKERBOCKER would afford me; and your humble servant is not hypocrite enough to become a 'patron,' only in the sound of the word itself.'

THE LAMENT OF THE CHEROKEE.

AIR: 'EXILE OF ERIN.'

O, soft falls the dew, in the twilight descending,  
And tall grows the shadowy hill on the plain;  
And night o'er the far distant forest is bending,  
Like the storm-spirit, dark, o'er the tremulous main;  
But midnight enshrouds my lone heart in its dwelling,  
A tumult of woe in my bosom is swelling,  
And a tear, unbefitting the warrior, is telling  
That Hope has abandoned the brave Cherokee!

Can a tree that is torn from its root by the fountain,  
The pride of the valley, green-spreading and fair,  
Can it flourish, removed to the rock of the mountain,  
Unwarmed by the sun, and unwatered by care?  
Though Vesper be kind her sweet dews in bestowing,  
No life-giving brook in its shadow is flowing,  
And when the chill winds of the desert are blowing,  
So droops the transplanted and lone Cherokee!

Loved graves of my sires! have I left you for ever?  
How melted my heart, when I bade you adieu!  
Shall joy light the face of the Indian? — ah, never!  
While memory sad has the power to renew.  
As flies the fleet deer when the blood-hound is started,  
So fled winged Hope from the poor broken-hearted;  
O, could she have turned, ere for ever departed,  
And beckoned with smiles to her sad Cherokee!

Is it the low wind through the wet willows rushing,  
That fills with wild numbers my listening ear?  
Or is some hermit-rill, in the solitude gushing,  
The strange-playing minstrel, whose music I hear?  
'T is the voice of my father, slow, solemnly stealing,  
I see his dim form, by yon meteor, kneeling,  
To the God of the white man, the CHRISTIAN, appealing;  
He prays for the foe of the dark Cherokee!

Great Spirit of Good, whose abode is the heaven,  
Whose wampum of peace is the bow in the sky,  
Wilt thou give to the wants of the clamorous raven,  
Yet turn a deaf ear to my piteous cry?  
O'er the ruins of home, o'er my heart's desolation,  
No more shalt thou hear my unblest lamentation;  
For death's dark encounter I make preparation,  
He hears the last groan of the wild Cherokee!

Those who know any thing of Indian metaphor, will be struck with the exquisite simile in the last stanza of the foregoing poem, not less than with the happy allusions to nature which pervade the whole. Verily, MAGA shall go 'sans charge' to the writer, for many a long year; and although we are compelled, from the use we have made of his letter, to suppress his name, it will yet be made widely known to the American public, through these pages, or we are no literary seer. We grasp our distant poet's hand, and assure him of an ever-cordial welcome to the offspring of his heart and fancy.

HERE is a zoological article. Burns had his louse and his mouse, Coleridge his jack-ass, and Southey paid his addresses to John Poulter's old mare. Why then should our

correspondent's subject be considered an infelicitous theme? By 'r Lady, no! It is a fruitful topic, and treated in a Lamb-like vein. The writer derived his hint from Mr. BUCKINGHAM, who speaks in the highest terms of the oriental jackass. He describes him as a noble animal, full of energy and spirit, beauty and majesty, as depicted by Job, of Uz. 'When a person meets a friend,' says the distinguished traveller, 'with an unusual degree of cheerfulness in his countenance, he usually addresses him: 'How now? What goods news have you heard this morning? You look as brisk as an ass!'' We plunge into our correspondent's ms., *in medias res*, asking absolution for the sin of occasional episodic curtailment. 'What is written,' however, '*remains*,' for 't is too clever to be lost, and may speak, in effective fragments hereafter, with voice potential, from our drawer.

#### A CHAPTER ON ASSES.

'PRITHEE, shepherd, who keeps all these jackasses? Heaven be their comforter! What! Are they never curried? Are they never taken in, in the winter? Bray on; the world is deeply your debtor. Louder still — that's nothing. In good sooth, you are ill used. Were I a jackass, I solemnly declare, I would bray in G-sol-re-ut, from morning, even unto night. TRISTAM SHANDY.

READER, I would commune with you, here in my own little study. 'Tis a chill, dark November evening; the wind howls and whistles round the corner, and the sharp rain pelts against the window; but sit you down. We will first close the shutters, and stir up our cheerful fire; so,

'The storm without may roar and rustle,  
We will not mind the storm a whistle.'

Now, from my comfortable elbow chair, *ex-cathedra*, I will discourse to you, in my loose, rambling way — or ASSES. Ah! my friends, consider — are we not all asses, to a degree? And as soon as we are able to bear, are harnessed with our panniers, and have all our heavy burthens to carry, our weary, toilsome journeys to take; what strength there is in us, tasked to the uttermost; and must patiently bow our heads to the vile blows and buffets of our cruel task-master, the world; receiving no gratitude for our labors — only a niggardly provender of thistles! — nay, too often turned out to die upon the first moor, when no longer fit for service. With the ass we are alike, even though unlike. Let us find content and resignation in the example of our four-footed brother. Let us widen our sympathies, too much contracted by our own selfish pursuits, interests, and gratifications, that they may embrace *him*, with all the other inferior creatures, (for such we deem them) of the earth, in their circle. Consider how mysteriously we are linked with the humblest living creature, and are bound up with all nature in one wonderful, inseparable whole. Is not the ass, too, animate, living, and life-giving — God-created? \* \* The subtle Frenchman, who defined speech to be the 'cloak of thought,' could not have expressed himself more enigmatically, than we, in thus addressing some poor ass: 'Alas, my brother! thou art beaten with stripes, even as I am. Thy life, like mine, is one bitter struggle with necessity. I pity thee, even as I am to be pitied. I weep for thee, as I weep for myself. I would lighten thy heavy burden; I would soften thy rugged condition, I would stretch forth my hand and help thee, did not my own hard task require *both* my hands to help myself. As it is, I can only commiserate thee — and my sympathy is thine.' I venture to predict, that not one in a thousand will get at my meaning.

When Yorick Sterne was communing, in his amiable way, with the honest jackass, which had turned into the court-yard, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage leaves, the ill-starred animal was the innocent cause of the strangest disaster to his friend's unmentionables: but it provoked not one unkind word from the benevolent sufferer — only the equivocal interjection, 'Out upon it!' The 'dead ass' of the 'Sentimental Journey,' and the lamentation of honest Sancho over his faithful four-footed friend and companion, were never excelled for heart-touching pathos; delightfully tinged with that quaint, playful humor, which ever accompanies true sensibility. Read them, if you have not, and then say if you longer remain cold and impassive to my theme.

\* \* Hardly-entreated brother! Despite the 'odd quirks and remnants of wit' that may be broken on me, I will speak one kindly word for thee, though none else will. 'Paper-pellets of the brain' shall not awe me from my humor. Calm, humble, forbearing, cheerful — most emphatic of teachers! Creature of many sorrows! Victim of thy many virtues! for thee, this troublous life is but a prolonged purgatory. Thy tender years — alas! to thee no childhood — only a state of a painful transition to the time when thou art able to bear the burthen. The spring-time of existence thou scarcely knowest, for thy rough, rugged journey is ever before thee. No gamesome infancy, no hopeful, joyous youth; but life is a troubled, fast-hurrying stream, which



beareth thee on, weary laden, to its ocean of storms and tempests. A cloud seems to overshadow thee from thy very birth. Thy pensive head declines sadly to the earth, as if prophetic of thy life of sorrow. Who could look, unmoved, upon thy little ungainly form, devoid of that soft, infantile grace, peculiar to childhood? Thy rugged coat, thy little pendulous tail, stumpy and barren; thy long, misshapen head, surmounted with its curious steeples; thy little round eyes, sad, perhaps dull, yet cast in innocent, half-trustful, half-timorous glances, upon the stranger biped; sparkling with a brief ray of intelligence, when wooed to eat of a crust from his hand? And when thou hast grown to more mature donkeyhood, that depreciating look of patient submission, written so touchingly in thy countenance, seeming to say, 'Do n't thrash me! but if you will, you may!' Alas, poor beast! Thy patience is called dullness; thy meekness, stupidity; thy more than Roman firmness, obstinacy. 'Oh monstrous world!'

Thus are we all, my friends, libelled and traduced. We are befooled by custom, and be-mystified by names. See! one is not a reed to be shaken by every wind; his constancy is deemed stubbornness! Another is not a powder wain, to take fire and explode at every spark; his calmness is misnamed stolidity! Another is patient under wrongs, and meek and forbearing amidst insult; he is pusillanimous! Another may be of an enduring honesty; then he is simply fool!

In such manner has our poor four-footed brother been misinterpreted by a slanderous world. Custom has taught us to scorn those qualities in him, which, if rightly understood, we should deem virtues, until his very name has become a term of reproach. Apply it to the petulant little being of humanity, and lo! he strait takes fire; repels with fiercest invective the injurious appellation; and does hot battle with his accuser, for the name; when, if he was not the very dotard of custom, the name of 'ass' would be to him a title of honor. Did not a partial ray of the truth flash upon that man, who, moralizing over the skeleton of a jackass, exclaimed, with impressive solemnity, 'We are all fearfully and wonderfully made!'

Exemplary animal! what sins can be laid at thy door? Nay, let us examine this thing; what sins before man or God? Pride? Alas! thou art all humility. Covetousness? A thistle will content thee. Gluttony? Though thou has spent no prodigal's portion, yet the very husks were dainty to thy frugal tastes. Anger? Thy serene composure amidst insults and injuries, is almost sublime. Ingratitude? The 'marble-hearted fiend' has no place in thy breast. Thou art willing to lay down thy life in the service of thy master. Though he often overloads thee, conducts thee along with blows, insults thee with unnecessary stripes, and, at best, rewards thy faithful labors with a meagre subsistence of weeds, that the more fastidious horse would scorn, thy affection for him is remarkable; coming at his call; marking him out amidst a crowd; scenting him at a distance; welcoming him with touching fondness and docility. When didst thou, like the pampered courser, repay thy master's care, by hurling him over thy ears, to the peril of his neck? When, through perversity and impatience, didst thou dash to pieces with thy heels his newly-painted trundle-car, or respectability-gig? And when, pressed by the sharp pangs of hunger, thou hast ventured to crop a forbidden cabbage leaf from his kitchen-garden, was that a crime so atrocious as to merit the cruel cudgelling thou receivedst from his too liberal hand?

Ungainly thou art, I must allow. In the graces, nature has been to thee a niggard. Yet she has 'made it up' to thee. Thou hast 'many nameless virtues,' and those that are not nameless — sagacity, hardihood, sure-footedness. What were man, with all his boasted reason, in the wild, intricate passes of the Cordilleras, but for thee? How had the silver of Potosi found its way to the sea-board, but for thy agency? Art thou dull? We forget the solemn wisdom of thy rebuke to Baalam! True, thou wert then inspired; but what other animal was ever inspired as thou wert? Devils took possession of swine; but thou wert possessed of a God! Art thou called dull, then, because thou art not a horse?

The horse is the only favorite, and all care and expense on him are lavished. He is luxuriously fed, warmly stabled, carefully tended; whilst thou art abandoned to neglect; the property of the poor or the vicious; the sport of dogs and children. Yet were there no horses, thou wouldst be esteemed first of quadrupeds. Thou art only second, and for that, art despised and neglected. We know thou hast not the courser's grace, bearing, fire. Thou wouldst make but a sorry charger in war. Thou couldst not well be the Bucephalus to any mad Alexander. No Napoleon bestrode thee at Austerlitz — no Wellington at Waterloo. Such were not thy vocation. Thy destiny is a more humble one; but dost thou not fulfil it as well? Thou hast less *activity* than the courser, but thy *'passivity'* could not be excelled. Thy great virtue lies in endurance. Thy cousin-german proudly prances beneath the gorgeous weight of princes and warriors; more humbly thou trottest soberly along, under honest men. Thy peasant masters could not often afford to exchange thee for the showier but less useful animal. Nay, didst thou not once bear upon thy back that wondrous peasant of Nazareth, before whom princes and potentates were but the gilded ephemera of an hour?

'Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh, meek, and sitting upon an ass!' went forth in thunder-words to all the earth. Not like the vainly-expected Messiah,

in pomp, and triumph, and worldly glory; heralded with trumpets and with shawms; followed by glittering hosts of armed men, with earth-shaking steeds, and rustling banners; not thus came to the astonished Jews their Lord and King; for his kingdom was not of this world. But lo! a marvel! The divine Saviour of mankind came in the garb of blessed peace—in meekness and humility—seated upon an ass! Be thou for ever venerable, above all other quadrupeds, for none were ever honored like unto thee. To benighted man thou borest the light of truth—the ambassador of God. Divine mission, from heaven! Messenger of infinite love! of infinite hope! \* \* Be thou for ever venerable; for that sublime spectacle, when, borne on thee, the lowly Jesus entered the favored city, taught to man how poor are all the pomps and outward shows of this vain world. Thou, too, wert then apostolic; a teacher, and an exemplar before mankind; chosen as the type and symbol of the greatest of Christian virtues—humility.

I have said I love an ass. Would I could tell you, thoughtful reader, how much I reverence an ass. Would I could speak of the asses I have known, in my day; with whom I have associated; I as a kind master, they as humble and faithful servants and companions. In the vegas of Spain, on the mountains of Peru, among the rocks of Calabria, amid the sands of Africa, few friends have been to me kinder, faithfuller, or even more intelligent. In all these, my ass cheerfully encountered with me untold hardships; shared all my privations, faithfully bore my weary limbs—patiently the upbraidings of my vexed spirit; picked out for me the safest paths, found me the road which my own perversity or blindness had lost; sought me with perseverance, when I had become separated from him; and even evinced a woman's love, a dog's fidelity, a Christian's faith, and more than human sagacity.

Your jackass hath, indeed, a gentle and a loving spirit; a heart that yearneth in sympathy and affection toward all created things, from man to the humblest animal. His affection for his own kind is intense. Observe his ardor for his female, his love for his offspring. But this is not all. Mark his frequent friendships for the most dissimilar animals, such as the dog—even, it is recorded, with a goose; or, as I once remarked, with a monkey. This was on ship-board. I will tell you the story. We were approaching our rugged coast, in the icy month of December. Our monkey, as mischievous an imp as ever bore the monkey form, lost all his vivacity, and became very disconsolate, at the sudden sensation of cold, to which he had before been a stranger. The warmest place in the ship was of course at the cook's galley; but cooks have always been sworn enemies to all the inferior race—cats, dogs, mokeys, *et id genus omne*—and had no bowels of compassion for poor Joco, whom they accused of taking sundry liberties with their sweetmeats and sauces. So they drove him forth, like Hagar's offspring, to the wilderness of the sea-washed deck. The searching cold brought him to his wits, and his wits were not long in discovering how warm a back had the donkey, who calmly munched his daily provender between two guns, without seeming to care whether the climate was cold or warm. Old Jack's meditations, however, were at first too rudely disturbed at the monkey's familiarity in making use of his long tail to ascend, not to show some symptoms of displeasure; but though his heels flew up with marvellous vigor, it was quite in vain to dislodge the pertinacious intruder; and Joco, finding the vital warmth of the back vastly agreeable, did not fail to repeat, daily, his unceremonious visit. At last, the donkey became accustomed to the thing, and seemed to expect it, as a matter of course. With imperturbable gravity, he would quietly allow the little imp to climb up his tail, and when he found him settled to his own satisfaction, would droop his long ears, and doze away the time, or silently chew the cud of patient reflection, until Joco saw fit to dismount. Sometimes he would look around, with a benevolent expression, upon his shivering visiter, as if to say: 'Well, stay there, unhappy monkey! thou hast a hard time of it, poor fellow! coming from thy own sunny clime into this cold country. For myself, I do not mind it, as I am not so thin-skinned; and sufferance is the badge of all my tribe. But if my warm back can be of any comfort to thee take it, and welcome!'

Thus Joco and Jack became great friends. Spread out at full length, Joco would nestle there all day long, and fearful would be his outcries, when any mischief-loving sailor attempted to displace him. The kindness of his sturdy friend he would repay by solemnly scratching his long ears, and chattering to him in his vivacious language. Old Jack was the best of listeners; and not Bottom himself more delighted in being scratched. Sometimes, when his little friend was talking to him, he would give a Lord Burleigh nod, as if in approval; or, occasionally, lift up his mighty voice in a brief reticative, soon again relapsing into silence. At such times, Joco, who evidently preferred, like most talkative persons, having all the conversation to himself, would listen, either in fear or from deference, to his friend's brief oration, but would chatter still more vociferously when it ceased; and then never failed to evince some of his natural propensity to tease; all of which old Jack bore with the most stoical composure.

At last, little Joco was lost overboard, and poor Jack became inconsolable. Full many a rueful look did he cast around for his friend, who came no more. It was a sad bereavement. None but an ass could tell how sad. He had lost his sprightly companion. Who now would scratch those ample ears, which seemed, since Joco's death, more attenuated than ever? Who now would play with that pendulous tail, which now

hung down listless and dispirited? His sonorous trumpet was heard less often, and seemed attuned to a lugubrious note, as if it pealed poor Joco's requiem. A mournful gloom rested upon his countenance. The lines of his face became deeper, sadder. He took less pleasure in his food, and visibly lost in flesh. A heavy grief was at his heart. 'T was said he often sighed; and some of the more tender-hearted and imaginative sailors even told of tears that 'coursed adown his innocent nose, in piteous chase.' He continued to pine away, and before the end of the cruise, yielded up his weary life; dying, doubtless, of a broken heart. Was not this love?

'We men may say more, swear more, but indeed,  
Our shows are more than will: for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.'

It is consoling to know, however, that poor Jack had every respect paid to his memory. He was buried with all the honors of war. And when the funeral service was read, and the words, 'We commit our brother to the deep,' were spoken, there was not a dry eye in the ship.

Gentle reader! you who have listened to me to the end, will you not henceforth have a kindlier feeling for asses? 'T is good for us thus to commune together; but it will be the better for us, if what I have said should increase your respect for the ass. When next you meet him, pass him not by with indifference, nor contempt; stay him awhile. 'By the mass, you may stay him,' if his master be willing; otherwise, do not, lest it get him a thrashing; stay him, and gossip awhile together. My word for it, you will quit him with a higher respect for his intelligence, and admiration for his good nature. The mute eloquence of his look is worth a world of lip oratory. Perhaps you have not yet learned what eloquence there may be in a look, unless you have been in love, when you could not have failed to have noted it. But look at an ass! It may not often be your good fortune to meet with one; for asses, in our infant society, are not yet common; but when you do, just stop him long enough to inquire after his health; pity his weary look; sympathize kindly with his trials; and at parting, bid him good speed; and if you do not feel your 'bosom's lord' sit more lightly on his throne, for doing this good action, I shall think the worse of you. \* \* \* Such profound respect I have for asses, that, when I reflect upon their estimable qualities, and their deplorable condition, I am often led to doubt the right which we two-legged humans have, to hold our poor four-footed brother as property. It is a monstrous usurpation; and at times I am tempted to get up a Donkey-abolition Society; or at least, enter a claim for his representation. Our biped beasts of burthen are represented, why not our quadrupeds? And if, waiving all proxy, we allowed him to be represented *in kind*, who can doubt that his speeches would be quite as intelligible? But I am touching a delicate subject. How the dome of that hall would reverberate to his mighty eloquence! Solitary and alone, what a notable ass he would become!

Who has not read of the daring invaders of the new world? — children of the sun; mounted on wondrous four-footed things, that seemed, to the astonished Indians, winged with might, majesty, and terror! But had those adventurous Spaniards been mounted on asses! Curious, though less imposing! Can we not imagine a whole army of such, in extended line, trotting sedately down to charge an enemy? Their riders' heels nearly touching the ground. Ears of the longest, rigidly erect above the solemn-looking head. And those trumpet notes! His sympathy with all his kind is so infectious, that had but one among them lifted up his voice, what a blast were there! Sounding their own charge, with that trombone note! What enemy had withstood it? The walls of Jericho fell with a sound: curious if America had been conquered by the braying of asses! \* \* \* We as yet dream not of the wisdom there is in the dumb brute. Nay, we as yet know not where to place him truly in the scale of creation. Each created thing has a symbolic and spiritual signification, so philosophers tell us, beside its mere material — and which we have yet to learn. Your Buffons, your Cuviers, should have abandoned their vain studies of material qualities and manifestations, and inquired into the higher and spiritual attributes of animated nature. Is there no Kant, no Cousin, to spiritualize the study of asses? Consider what a work yet remains for the metaphysician! The mental philosophy of asses! \* \* \* Who can say what wondrous visions visit him, even in dreams? Visions of what? Of the warm stable, kind grooms, fields of clover, stacks of grain? — or are they purely transcendental — vision-airy? Is there poetry in that stolid-looking head? It may well be, when we find so many poets asses, an ass should sometimes be a poet. His life, we see, is wretchedly unpoetical; but is not the immortal mind distinct from and beyond life? But could he teach us, in prose or verse, preceptually, and find a publisher for what is in him, would he do more than he does now by his example? \* \*

THERE breathes, in the note accompanying the annexed lines, written in 'Kosciusko's Garden,' at West Point, the true American spirit; and we join with the author

in the hope, that our writers will more frequently treat of native scenes and events, in the literary periodicals of the day :

DARK beetling rocks hang o'er my head,  
Beneath my feet the river's bed ;  
The cherish'd haunts of valiant dead  
Are round and near to me :  
Could there a nobler scene be found,  
Than doth this rocky niche surround,  
Where Nature's rarest forms abound,  
In grand variety ?

Far as the charmed eye can trace,  
Old Hudson speeds upon his race ;  
While barks, of every form of grace,  
Glide onward silently :  
On either side, the mountains high  
Lift their tall heads to greet the sky ;  
Between, bright vales relieve the eye,  
Mingled with rock and tree.

Off from the river's channel deep,  
Is heard the sturgeon's splashing leap,  
Just waking Echo from her sleep,  
And hush'd as suddenly :  
Anon, the trumpet's stirring note  
Upon the breeze doth gaily float,  
Recalling thrilling scenes remote,  
Of native chivalry.

*West-Point, August, 1835.*

Where erst the eagle rear'd his crest,  
Is now in waving gardens drest ;  
And fairy forms of maidens rest  
Where th' wild wolf used to lie :  
The cat-bird dips her taper bill,  
The timid squirrel drinks his fill,  
At the same spring which used to rill  
'Neath Kosciusko's eye.

And where is he, whose lofty pride  
First sought upon the mountain's side  
The quiet that the camp denied —  
A warrior's privacy ?  
The grave ! the grave has claimed its own !  
His gallant spirit heavenward flown,  
His name yon monumental stone  
Preserves to memory.

But hark ! I hear the rushing sound  
Of steamer, spreading waves around,  
Fright'ning the solitude profound  
'From its propriety ;'  
And warning me to seek the way  
That traverses the river quay,  
Or miss my sail up-stream to day :  
Farewell, bright scene, to thee !

o.

THE subjoined is not altogether 'literary matter,' but is nevertheless written with so much spirit, and evinces so fine an eye for the grand and picturesque, with not a little of true national feeling, that we have pleasure in giving it publicity through our pages. The writer dates from that queen of western cities, Buffalo :

'GENTLEMEN: Oh, that 'DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, JR., could have been here to see what I saw this morning ! I stood at the upper end of the 'Main-street' of this spirited town, and beheld, in the light of a glorious day, *such* a scene ! The many-colored woods around me, landward, and along the Canada shore, were gleaming in the clear bright sunlight of an October morning ; the city spread widely out its 'polypus arms' below, sprinkled with domes, steeples, and cupolas, which threw back the beams of the sun ; and the broad blue sea, to whose borders the town descends with a gentle slope, stretched to hazy infinity in the distance, here sparkling in the day-beam, and there lying greenly in shadow. It was a sublime and beautiful sight ; and as I was gazing at the numerous sail which were fitting into dimness on the verge of the western horizon, a fleet of some ten or twelve majestic steamers, with their colors flying, blackened a league's width of that blue waste, with rolling billows of thick smoke, which poured out from the chimneys, to die away far astern, spreading low, and dissolving upon the bosom of the waters. Fifty of these steam-craft are controlled here ; and two thousand souls were borne to western regions, this morning, in those noble vessels ; a floating village, variously bound, along the linked lakes, whose united navigation is more than a thousand miles, stretching, in all directions, into the heart of the most fertile country in the world ; a country alive with enterprise ; teeming with embryo canals, rail-roads, and every species of internal improvement, which can be effected by associated individual capital, or state and government aid ; a country, in short, where space is fast being annihilated ; where, as Carlyle says, 'they may dig up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and say to them, 'Transport us and our products at the rate of thirty miles an hour,' and they will do it !' And do you see, reader, as you look with me, in your mind's eye, upon this magnificent and far-reaching country, how this same town upon which I am looking down, (and in which, let me say, for fear of misapprehension, I am neither a land, tenement, nor property-holder,) do you see how it serves as the natural gate to the Atlantic sea-board, sitting, like New-York herself, in the midst of the sea — yes, of half a dozen seas — and centering here, as at the apex of an opened fan, the advancing tides of those vast inland regions, stretched beyond the sight ? What a focus of the East and West ! — an occidental Constantinople — destined to sit, in more than eastern splendor, upon her high vantage-ground. \* \* Twelve or thirteen years ago, I am informed, the town had not more than two thousand inhabitants ; now it numbers upward of twenty-two thousand. What will it become, when that magnificent work, the Erie canal, shall have been widened to a navigable river ? — when the Erie Rail-road, sweeping its long 'iron course' through fertile southern districts, and the

Boston and New-York Rail-road, traversing equally productive sections, both with diverging branches into rich vales, and to prosperous villages — what, I repeat, will the town become, when these works shall have been completed? Then, too, the important improvements going on, under government, in her far-famed harbor; the sale of the immense tracts of adjacent Indian lands; and the inexhaustible water-power at Black Rock, (already a part of the city,) and Niagara, both linked, even now, to the town by rail-road. This water power is inexhaustible, and available at all seasons — sufficient to convert into bread-stuffs all the grains of the great valleys of the Mississippi and its tributary streams, and the country bordered by the great lakes — a country that may be made the granary of the world, and which is capable of sustaining a population larger than that of China. What a point is this, for the exchange and transshipment of the merchandise of the east, and the products of the mighty west! The ships and steam-boats traversing the western lakes and rivers, may 'dump' their stores at the very doors of the numerous mills already erected, or imperiously demanded, and while their cargoes, reduced, in effect, *to bread*, are sweeping to the sea-board, on an artificial river, the vessels are on their return trips, filled to overflowing with the merchandise demanded by the vast country of the lakes.

\* \* \* Such is but *one* of the thousand views which may be taken, in different quarters of this great and growing country. Prophecy has always belied us, how extravagant soever her predictions. In fifty years, Buffalo will be larger than is now New-York. I put this (that is, I *hope* I do,) upon a permanent record, in your pages, and so the prediction will be tested. Is it doubted? I would ask how long ago it is, since the Indian roamed alone here, and the unscared stag came down to the shores of the 'great lake and river of the cataract,' painting a dancing shadow of his antlers in the blue water, then undivided by a keel, and undisturbed by the rush of the swift fire-ship? If in the weak infancy of our existence and improvement, we have seen such wonders, what marvels may not be deemed to exist in the onward distance? The energies of the American people are *resistless*. Revulsions are not only borne, but *overborne*, by native spirit and enterprise. We have seen the proof of this, very recently. It is but a little while, since it might almost be said, that

—— 'through the ports which skirt our wide domain,  
For trade's loud buzz, a lonely languor reigned;  
The slumbering merchant o'er his desk reclined,  
And round her grave the ghost of Commerce pined!'

But not long was there languor; for a brief space only, did the merchant slumber; and never yet dawned such an era of wealth and prosperity, as is rising upon us now.

We are at a nonplus. An ambassador from the 'printing-house' records 'eight pages over!' when that amount was deemed lacking. A great mistake. Hence, we must close the drawer, but only to open it again in due season. The favor of a kind friend, 'A Digest, etc., with Reflections,' is excluded, and a consideration of the following, postponed for a brief period: 'A Spark from an Old Crone's Pipe,' 'Down East and Soforth,' 'The Memories of the Past,' 'Autumn Evenings,' 'The Lioness and the Queen of Birds,' 'Nature,' 'A Father,' in brief thoughts on Education, 'Reminiscences of a New-England Teacher,' 'Lines written at Fort Putnam,' and 'nameless numbers more,' which we have not time to specify.

MINIATURE PAINTING. — Every now and then, we hear of some young native artist bursting into reputation, if we may so speak, as his pent-up talent finds room for enlargement and display. The West has furnished her full quota of artists of genius. POWELL, but recently arrived among us, has taken rank at once; and Mr. GEORGE H. HITE, a young miniature-painter from Kentucky, will remain here but a short time, before he also will make himself favorably known to the lovers of art. He has had considerable experience in his profession, in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina, and has received the advantages of study with, and the counsel of, such eminent artists as FRAZER, MALBONE, etc. Mr. HITE's style is free, bold, and rich, and his taste refined and chaste. Some of his portraits of well known citizens are not more remarkable for their fine finish, than for the truth to nature which, as likenesses, they display. Mr. HITE's rooms are at the Astor House; and those who may desire to 'reign on ivory, lovers, children, sisters, friends,' may receive the requisite touches at the facile hands of our artist.



NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, FOR THE OCTOBER QUARTER.—We have read this number of the 'North American,' with more than common pleasure. There is a good variety in the reviews, while there is not one which can be pronounced dull, or a mere dissertation, in which the merits and character of the book under discussion are swallowed up and forgotten. The article on SPARKS' *Life of WASHINGTON*, in our copy, is disfigured with pencil-marks and dog's-ears; but for the extracts which they indicate, we have unfortunately little space. Of the necessity of the 'Life,' and its collateral records, and its importance in a national point of view, the reviewer eloquently observes:

'Of the auspicious influence of the principles of Washington over public opinion throughout the country, which happily is still highly operative, much must be ascribed to the unexpended force of his personal ascendancy, and the freshly-remembered power of his personal intercourse. These, with the lapse of time, must daily grow fainter. His contemporaries are nearly all gone. Of those, who in any way took counsel with him, scarce one remains to counsel us. One solitary eyewitness of his exploits and risks on Braddock's field is known to survive. Occasionally, at a public gathering, a fourth of July assemblage, or a Cincinnati celebration, we have an opportunity of taking the hand which Washington had taken. That trembling old man, who is groping his way toward a seat, was, at a time when his hands could wield something more formidable than a crutch, one of his body-guard at Brandywine and Germantown; and here is one who saw him, when, pale with indignation, he encountered General Lee on his retreat, at Monmouth. As you come down to the period of his Presidency, the number of course increases of those who were entering on public affairs toward the close of his career; but the solitary survivor of the first Senate of the United States, and of the company who broke bread with the Father of his Country on the day of his first inauguration as President, has passed off the stage within a few months. A race has risen up who knew not Joseph, but to whom his revered memory, loaded with the praises of his country and mankind, has descended as a precious legacy.'

The influence of WASHINGTON's example upon mankind at large, is set forth with felicitous force, in the annexed passage:

'When men are ready, like Brutus, in despair to fly to the conclusion, that there is no sphere of activity for goodness, in the province of civil government; that this world belongs of necessity to a political anti-christ; a character like Washington arises, like the sun of righteousness, with healing in its wings. Virtue, sneered at and mocked, takes courage. Disinterested labor for the good of others, emerges from the parochial charity. The intelligence of the mass of mankind, long derided as visionary, and set at nought as impracticable, feels itself vindicated and fortified. The world for a while looks on in incredulous wonder. Distrustful expectation watches the steps of the hero. His gracious words are heard with incredulity; his generous acts surveyed with doubt. The time is sorrowfully foreboded, when the delusion will be over, the mask be dropped, and the meagre, people-loving Consul, will expand into the sleek and purple Dictator. But, if he persevere in the path of patriotism and duty; if he march from victory to victory, with unrelaxed brow, and cling to the cause in disaster as well as triumph; if he consecrate his sword to the protection of the law; and, when the warfare is ended, if he send his army to their homes, and abdicate the power which their devotion confers on him, then, indeed, it is cold praise to say he has served, or even saved, his country. He has served, and, humanly speaking, has saved his race. He has 'given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth.' He has led forth patriotism from a cell, and placed her on a throne. He has robbed the tyrant of his plea, and shown that it is not necessary that mankind should be enslaved; and from that time forward, till the voice of history is struck dumb, wheresoever on the face of the globe an effort is made to establish constitutional government, there his example is present, to furnish an ever-ready answer to the ever-ready objection, that, though the theory is good, it is impossible to put it to practice.'

We are glad to learn from this article, that the entire work is to be published in England, and all essential portions of it translated into French, by M. Guizot, and into German, by Mr. VON RACMUE, assisted by the accomplished daughter of Professor TRECK. Thus will WASHINGTON be borne to the firesides of the hundred millions in Europe, who receive their supplies of intellectual food through the French and German languages.'

The 'Proceedings of the American Health Convention,' at Boston, furnish the text for the next paper, which treats that latest of ultra humbugs, the Grand 'North-American Dried-Apple and Potato Society,' with proper ridicule and contempt. Alluding to the position assumed by one of the clerical delegates to the Massachusetts Starvation Convention, that 'all disease and sickness is crime,' and that clergymen sin against great light, in praying for guilty bed-ridden sufferers in their churches, the reviewer says:

'Sir, we must throw the responsibility of each person's health on himself, and make him alone feel accountable for it.' Avault, then, ye bed-ridden reprobates, whom only sentimental fools will pity and wish to succor. A gibbet for a cancerous eruption; a dungeon and hard labor for life for a pulmonary tubercle; imprisonment in the common goal from thirty days to six months, for



a rheumatic shoulder, according to the aggravation of the offence. 'Parents must be made to feel, that for the sickness of their children, they are themselves responsible.' So make no pretence, tearful mother, of regretting what you yourself have done, nor wear out the long watches of the night over the couch of your fevered child; but away to the whipping-post, for a baggage as you are, and take the deserts of such as you!

In the same vein is the summing up the merits of this newly-discovered apple-and-potato system:

'The dish that erst 'ran away with the spoon' did a good thing for itself, and henceforth it has need of that and of that only; knife and fork are obsolete abominations. The times of self-complacent Jack Horner are gone by; nobody, while he eats Christmas pie, may henceforward give himself credit for a spark of goodness. As, in our innocence, we used to read our Bibles, the thriving of the holy children when they lived on pulse, yet rivalled in vigor and comeliness the sharers of Nebuchadnezzar's own board, was altogether contrary to nature, and was simply a miraculous result. We are to be better instructed now; the elements of their rotundity and fair liking were in their generous food. Sterne thought he had added a touch to the picture of his prisoner's discomfort, when he threw in the water-cruise and crust. Nothing could be more mistaken, as presently the honest citizen will show; he will take care to have such abuses righted, reclaiming those delicacies for himself, while the convict will be made to work through his time of durance on champagne and oysters, plum-pudding and roasted pig. We were brought up to pity or banter the Irish for their fare of potatoes relished with butter-milk. Sly rogues! the laugh has been all along rightfully on their side. They wanted no competition, and so were too knowing to tell us how things stood; now that we are wiser, we must count them the most enviable of nations, and grudge them all but their butter-milk, which is just so much *de trop*. But we must look higher yet. We dishonor such a great matter by regarding it with personal considerations. The interests of humanity are suspended on a pot-hook. The womb of events in the learned, the social, and the religious world, is the seething cauldron of the house-hold hearth. The seminal principles of human progress are in the herb-garden. All flesh is grass, and if man grows, it must be grass that expands him.'

This capital paper is followed by a review of ROBERTS' 'Embassy to the Eastern Courts of Cochin-China, Siam, and Muscat,' etc., (heretofore noticed at large, in these pages, and, as in the North American, with deserved commendation,) and a pamphlet entitled 'Outline of a Consular Establishment for the United States, in Eastern Asia.' We are well pleased to see here, a just and spirited rebuke of the disgraceful system of making our functionaries abroad, dependent upon petty fees extorted from merchants, or wrung from the wages of distressed seamen. Very high praise is awarded, and justly, to DEWEY'S 'Moral Views of Commerce, Society, and Politics,' and the 'Letters from Rome,' so familiar to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER. Kenrick's 'American Orchardist' forms the basis of a copious paper on Horticulture, considered in all its departments, which is well written, and evinces various knowledge of, not to say practical experience in, the subject in hand. The last article is, as usual, a batch of minor and brief 'critical notices,' strung together like a bunch of onions, gradually narrowing in length, and finally tapering down to the most sententious and 'curtailed abbreviations, compressing particulars.' In these, among others, are notices of COOPER'S 'Homeward Bound,' in which the author is by no means flattered; MRS. GILMAN'S works; 'Joanna of Naples,' by the author of 'Miriam;' GUIZOT'S Lectures; JEWETT'S 'Passages of Foreign Travel,' and HALL'S 'Notes on the Western States.' In this latter, the critic assumes quite too much in his own behalf. He may rest assured, that what Judge HALL administered to the 'North American' in his 'Preface,' is regarded by the public as a most trenchant castigation; and what is more, the reviewer himself evidently so regards it. We have heard precisely such advice to 'keep cool,' and not to 'be incensed,' as the critic tenders to Judge HALL, given in a tremulously mild tone, by a virago, who was at the same moment bursting with rage, and pale with mortification, at a signal defeat, the full consciousness of which no affectation could conceal.

The last of the 'critical notices,' is a very brief and non-committal reference to the handsome volume of poems, by our contemporary, Col. MORRIS, of the 'Mirror' literary journal. In these notices, which, if they answer at all to their title, should be 'nothing if not critical,' one might suppose that at least *an opinion* of the literary merits of a work would be expressed; but we defy the reader to discover one, in the following, which is the entire 'review' in question:

'The poems of Col. MORRIS have enjoyed so wide a newspaper celebrity, that it would be affectation in us to pretend to introduce them to our readers. Some of them, moreover, have been united to Mr. Russell's music, and said and sung in the saloons of the fashionable world. Their author has now collected them in a volume, which, for elegant type and luxurious paper, is surpassed by no book

hitherto issued from the American press. We intended to have invited him to speak for himself in our columns, in the 'Lines for Music,' but we find ourselves too soon at the end of our sheet.

Will not such cavalier notices as this, of a volume got up with much typographical beauty, and liberality of expenditure, give disaffected authors cause to insist upon the justice of the charge sometimes brought against the 'North American,' of undue sectional jealousy, in matters of native literature?

In striking contrast with this brief and indefinite notice, is an elaborate eulogium of the beautifully-executed volume in question, from a friendly hand, in the last number of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' (a monthly literary journal, published at Richmond, Virginia,) which has failed to reach us, and for the late perusal of which, we are indebted to the courtesy of a friend. The critic regards Col. MORRIS's prose as 'graceful, flowing, and full of admirable humor,' and cites, especially, in proof of the justice of his opinion, 'The Monopoly and the People's Line,' and 'The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots,' which he affirms have 'no superior in the works of any American writer.' This praise should have been qualified, as we think, by the exception, at least, of WASHINGTON IRVING, PAULDING, SANDS, and LONGFELLOW. The reviewer remarks, elsewhere, that our author's wit 'does not sparkle, but glows, and warms the heart with its genial and laugh-exciting influences;' and he expresses the hope, that all his spirited prose writings will yet be collected, and published in volumes. In relation to Col. MORRIS's simple effusions, the writer observes: 'His pen is in poetry, what the harp is in music; gentle, soothing, light, and graceful, shedding a twilight over the soul;' and that in one of his pieces, 'the reader might fancy himself perusing a newly-discovered manuscript poem of CHAUCER or SPENSER.' Of the lines commencing,

'On the lake where droop'd the willow,  
Long time ago!'

the critic says: 'For touching pathos, gentle versification, delicacy and purity of fancy, this little lyrical gem is not surpassed by any thing on the other side of the Atlantic; even by the divine MOORE himself.' 'Woodman, spare that Tree!' we are informed, has been repeatedly parodied in the newspapers, 'one of the strongest tests of unequivocal popularity.' 'On this delightful lyric,' adds the reviewer, 'and one or two others, will our author's reputation, as a lyrical poet, principally rest.' We remember to have seen but one parody upon this song, which, coupled with Mr. RUSSELL's, fine musical voice, has been made familiar to many of our readers in the Atlantic cities. It contained, among other lines, the following, which must, we think, have made even the parodied author himself laugh heartily, during the first moment of its perusal:

'Loafer! spare that dog!  
Touch not a hair or limb!  
In youth he fought for me,  
And now I'll fight for him.

\* \* \*  
'When but an idle boy,  
Often with him I roved;

In all their gushing joy,  
Him, too, my sisters loved;  
And him my brothers dear,  
The fond caress would give:  
Loafer! who sent thee here?  
Go! let that old dog live!

\* \* \*

The stanzas of our author on the 'Death of Gen. DELEVAN,' are pronounced 'martial and spirited,' but injured by the 'introduction of the name of the deceased.' We marvel that the reviewer did not quote the 'Lines to a Whippoorwill,' recently published, which we have no hesitation in saying, are, in our judgment, the best stanzas that ever proceeded from Col. MORRIS's pen. We do not remember ever to have perused the complimentary ode to LAFAYETTE, however, upon which the critic places a high estimate, and with which the aged veteran himself is declared to have been so delighted, that he 'was in the habit of humming it aloud, whenever occasion offered.' The critic has put for ever at rest an envious slander, which had generally obtained, that MORRIS was not the writer of the celebrated play of 'Briar-Cliff.' He says:

'Col. MORRIS is the sole and unassisted author; for on one occasion, we remember his saying to some friends at table, who rallied him on the subject, 'Gentlemen, that play is entirely my own; I

am not indebted to any one for a single line or comma, if I except Mrs. CAROLINE MATILDA THAYER, on whose story it is founded. If it belongs to any one else, however, I wish he would come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take it away!"

In reference to the military position and personal appearance of our author, we copy the following, simply desiring to correct the reviewer on one point, to save disappointment to those who, coming among us from a distance, may be curious to compare the picture with the original. The forehead of our author is even rather under than above the medium height, and is not phrenology-proof. If our friend the critic, therefore, be not too deeply wedded to his views in this regard, he will pardon this allusion to one instance, in which, according to his own opinions, here promulgated, his favorite science is not infallible:

'Col. MORRIS, as well as a literary, has long been a military man. After passing through the several grades of rank, he has recently been appointed general of a New-York brigade of artillery. When colonel, he was of essential service in quelling the formidable riots of 1834. Colonel, now General Morris, is a little under the medium height, his person inclined to portliness, his face full, his complexion ruddy, his eyes dark, and exceedingly fine, with a laughing expression, indicative of the humor that constitutes a prominent trait in his character. His forehead is high, fair, and well shaped, showing, phrenologically, prominent developments of the imaginative and inventive powers; the organs of thought and reflection being less apparent.'

THE MESSRS. BALLANTYNES AND MR. LOCKHART.—A pamphlet has been republished by MESSRS. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston, from the second London edition, entitled 'Refutation of the Misstatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. LOCKHART's Life of SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart., respecting the MESSRS. BALLANTYNES By the Trustees and Son of the late Mr. JAMES BALLANTYNE.' All who have perused Mr. Lockhart's Memoirs of the Life of Scott, must have imbibed a firm belief, that the pecuniary ruin in which the great author's fortunes were finally involved, was brought about by the improvidence and lack of business qualifications of his partners in printing and publishing, James and John Ballantyne. We venture to say, however, that not a single reader will rise from the perusal of this clear, succinct, and in all respects well-written pamphlet, without an entire conviction, that the energies of two upright and confiding men were devoted to the prosecution of a business which would have been eminently successful, but for Sir Walter Scott's ambition to become a landed proprietor, and to 'endow a family,' before he had the means of effecting either, upon any sound or secure foundation. 'In purchases of land,' says the 'Refutation,' 'made contrary to every rule of prudence; in buildings, plantings, and improvements, carried on with a total disregard of expense; and in the gratification of a taste for splendid hospitality, and articles of *vertu*, habitually indulged; were employed the immense sums raised by means of discounts obtained at the different banks, which deprived Mr. Ballantyne of all hope of escape, and in the end brought about his ruin.' These facts are *proved*, by 'figures, which cannot lie,' in an abstract, 'made up from detailed accounts, most carefully prepared,' the accuracy of which, it is declared, cannot be questioned. We quote from the pamphlet:

'This abstract shows at one view the result of the system acted upon by Sir Walter Scott to raise money for his own purposes; the liabilities which he consequently incurred, and the positive pecuniary advantages which he derived from his connexion with James Ballantyne. In fact, his large wants swallowed up every thing. The ordinary profits of the business, though considerable, were very far indeed from sufficing for his demands. He employed it as an instrument for raising and keeping afloat as long as possible the enormous sums above specified; and when the machinery would no longer work, and the day of reckoning arrived, it was found that the estate purchased with the funds thus raised, had been placed beyond the reach of creditors. Mr. Ballantyne's all was swept into the vortex of bankruptcy, and, by the acts of another, his friend and partner, he became 'a broken man.' But he lived to repair his ruined fortune, and thereby to prove to the world that the business, if left to itself, would have been lucrative and prosperous; and that, under his sole management, it proved a thriving concern.'

In more than one instance, the pamphlet affirms, Mr. Lockhart was furnished with contradictory proofs of the important misstatements he has given to the world, but

they were utterly disregarded. Yet even while concocting the unjust, ungenerous, and derogatory reflections, to refute which this little book is published, he was writing to Ballantyne, then on his death-bed, for 'the most precious materials' in his book, and causing him to exhaust his last energies in gathering up and putting together recollections calculated to brighten the glory of Sir Walter Scott, who, to the very last, rendered his warm tribute of praise to the character of his old friend and partner, and the priceless corrector of his manuscripts, for unimpeachable integrity, disinterestedness, and honor. We commend this pamphlet to general perusal, as a most clear and convincing defence of the Messrs. Ballantynes, and as an irrefragable argument against the aspersions cast upon their memory by Mr. Lockhart.

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THE NEW-YORK REVIEW. — Our October number of this popular quarterly was obtained at so late a period, that we are enabled to do little more than bestow a passing glance at its varied contents, which, however, we have thoroughly perused, and 'inwardly digested.' The number opens with an article evincing industrious research, and possessing much interesting information, in relation to ancient writing and its material, and the preservation and transmission of books, before the invention of the art of printing; and is followed by a valuable paper upon the public press in the United States, touching on the liberty accorded to it, its legal restraints, and constitutional freedom, the political party press, our earlier newspapers, etc. A review of President DAY's work on the Will, succeeds in order, and an admirable and elaborate article upon the life and character of CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, is the fourth paper of the number. BOSWORTH's new Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon, forms the basis of the sixth article, and an extended review of WAYLAND's 'Human Responsibility' its successor. But one of the most copious, and to our mind one of the best, papers in the number, is that upon GOETHE. It is comprehensive and various, and its style is that adroit mingling of the narrative and biographical, which is so agreeable to the general reader. DEWEY's excellent and eloquent discourses, 'Moral Views of Commerce, Society, and Politics,' are reviewed in a candid and liberal spirit, and highly extolled, as they must needs be, by all who peruse them. The last article is devoted to the consideration of some score and a half of volumes, of various character, under the head of 'Critical Notices.' This is an interesting portion of the work, and sustained with its accustomed ability. We remark, however, what strikes us as a piece of hypercriticism, in the notice, in this department, of an alleged error in Mr. STEPHENS' 'Incidents.' The reviewer will find, we think, on examination, if he did not know the fact before, that although KOSCIUSKO did not 'fall fighting before Warsaw,' he died shortly after that memorable contest, of a mortal wound, there received. The number closes with a copious quarterly list of new publications.

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AMERICAN PUBLISHING HOUSE IN LONDON. — We ask attention to the catalogue annexed to the present number, of the new American Publishing and Bookselling House of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, 67 Paternoster-Row, London. This establishment supplies an important desideratum to our people, as well as London, (and London is England, and something more.) The increasing demand for information concerning this country, our literature, especially, can now be freely and expeditiously supplied, while the libraries of our colleges and other public institutions, not less than those of private individuals, may now be supplied, with unfailing despatch, and with but a trifling advance from English prices. Rare books, prints, and other works of art, also, new or old, may be received here, within an incredibly brief space of time, and we may add,

also, at an incredibly small expense, compared with prices demanded but a short time ago. Of the partner in England, GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq., we may say, generally, (and we speak from a long and intimate acquaintance,) that Americans abroad will find him to unite the courteous bearing and unassuming manners of a gentleman, with the spirit and feeling of a true American, whose pride and pleasure it will be, to serve the interests of his countrymen; and all who may have occasion to test his business qualities, in the execution of foreign orders, may rely upon his faithful and effective discharge of even the most difficult literary trust.

NEW ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED WORKS. — We have received from our London publishers two fine specimens of the beautiful works which are preparing in London, in anticipation of the coming holidays, previous to which, the whole will shine upon the tables of their American house, in Broadway. The ORIENTAL ANNUAL, for 1839, devoted, in its literary department, to Hindoo legends and Mohammedan romances, of more than common interest, is peculiarly rich in its externals and embellishments; most of the latter being by the lamented DANIEL, whose last labors were devoted to the beautifying of the superb volume before us. There are in all twenty-two, reproduced by the gravers of eminent artists. Not to speak of the various pictures of gorgeous eastern temples, palaces, ruins, and picturesque caves, 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar,' the views of mountain scenery may be especially cited, as hitherto unequalled, in prints of similar size. 'The Mountain Pass' is sublime, and seems more like the remembrance of a terrific vision of difficult highland travel, than real scenery. Of the same character is a 'Mountain Scene in the North of India.' The 'Boa Constrictor,' descending like a narrow cataract from a lofty tree, and encircling and lifting from his horse a government messenger, is a spirited engraving, save that the snake, in his prodigious length, must be represented out of proportion. We can commend the 'Oriental Annual' as a distinguished volume, and one altogether above the great mass of works of the 'painted bladder' school.

#### THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE. — Crowded houses, during the past month, have testified to the unabated attraction of Mr. POWER's performances. Audiences seem never weary of his inimitable drolleries. There is a fund of humor inexhaustible, upon which he is constantly drawing, until, as 'Aspen' says of the 'Man of Nerve,' he has become a 'perpetual blister.' It is the total absence of apparent art, the perfect nature, of Mr. Power's acting, which makes it so untiring. His witticisms are irresistible, not so much on account of their real merit, as from the manner in which they are delivered. Whatever he says or does, seems to be said and done from a natural impulse of his own. He seems himself the author, or rather the improvisator, of the scene; so that it appears positively absurd to suppose for a moment that he is *playing* a part set down for him, or that he is uttering the words of others. In his first scene of the 'Irish Lion,' for instance, nothing can be more natural, or less like mere acting, than his half-tipsy colloquy with 'Mr. Wadd.' One cannot believe that all the pompous nonsense which he utters so naturally, can be really written down in a book. The same spirit, however, pervades all his personations, but perhaps more strikingly those characters where broad humor predominates. Mr. Power's Irish gentlemen are decidedly of a different genus from the Sir Lucius O'Triggeres of the last century. Perhaps they are more natural; but it is not in their exhibition, admirable as it is, that his greatest effects are produced. His best Irishmen are those which have the least to do with gentility; such as are totally untrammelled by the rules and orders of 'good society,' are those in which his influence is perfectly irresistible. This is perceptible in the plays of 'Born to Good Luck,' 'Teddy the Tiler,' and others, in which, during a part of the piece, he represents a true, hearty, humorous, ragged son of the sod, and is afterward transformed into a gentleman. In the first, we are carried away by the nature and rich humor of the character; in the last, our laughter grows less, and finally sinks into something like a sober admiration of the *well-played* gentleman.

Much of this difference is no doubt the natural consequence of the genius of the characters themselves; but much more of it is produced by the actor.

Another new piece, entitled 'The White Horse of the Peppers,' has been added to the list of novelties which Mr. Power has been instrumental in producing. There are some rich scenes of Irish humor in this play, (particularly the *feast* in Bally Gar Castle,) which deserve commendation. The means which Mr. PEPPER recommends to the new lord of the castle, PLACIDE, for the flavoring of his potato, by holding it some three or four inches *above* a smoking red herring, is an addition to the science of domestic economy, which would have tickled the shrivelled heart of old Elwes himself. Mr. Pepper's horror, also, lest Mynheer should make a 'beast of himself,' by actually touching the crisped skin of the aforesaid precious red herring with his potato, and thereby possessing himself of a drop of the rich gravy, is a lesson to Graham. Sawdust is nothing to it.

Mr. and Mrs. MATTHEWS' engagement comes next, and their admirers anticipate much amusement. The great versatility of talent possessed by Madame VESTRIS, will no doubt be more generally exercised, and the public will be left to judge whether the English critics have over-lauded, in their long-continued praises of her genius. Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS made, during his last engagement, an impression more decidedly favorable, than is often created by performers who come, as he did, almost unknown, and entirely unheralded. If, however, either of these good people expect any better support from the 'stock company,' than they before experienced, we fear they will be grievously mistaken. The same ornaments of the supernumerary department, who 'did the business' for them the last time, will (now that they are used to it) probably do it again. They will have, no doubt, the powerful assistance of Messrs. GANN, NEXEN, JOHNSON, AND COMPANY, for the male department; and for the ladies, the same luminaries which occasionally glittered in their company before, will probably honor them and the public with a second illumination. c.

NATIONAL THEATRE. — During the month, ROOKE's opera of 'Amilie, or the Love-Test,' has been performed at this establishment, to audiences that crowded the house nightly, from pit to gallery, and made it resound with round after round of the most enthusiastic applause. The distinguished vocalists, whose fame had preceded them to America, and to whose distinguished powers, no small share of the complete success of this beautiful opera must be attributed, have carried the town with them, and now rest in secure possession of the public ear. The flexible and exquisitely mellow tones of WILSON, the powerful yet soft and *searching* notes of SEGUIN, and the clear, full, and bird-like voice of Miss SHIREFF, have been fully appreciated, 'and which is more,' rewarded as those rare 'gifts that heaven gives' should be. The opera has very little of dialogue, but is interspersed with some of the most delightful and spirited choruses we ever heard wreaked upon music. These were admirably given; and indeed, under the effective management of Mr. PENSON, every portion of the performance was unmarked by a single blemish, after the first night's representation. The natural and graceful acting of Miss SHIREFF, aided by a handsome person, and lively, expressive features, adds a lustre to her vocal execution. Mr. WILSON, however, is less felicitous, as an actor. His style is so subdued, as sometimes to appear feeble; a fault which doubtless springs from good taste, in the first instance — a desire not to 'o'erstep the modesty of nature.' His figure is manly and commanding, and his countenance open and impressive. Mr. SEGUIN's action is easy and dignified, and his face and person something more than unexceptionable. He is a handsome man. Of Mr. WILSON's solos, and his simpler songs, it is scarcely possible to speak in too strong terms of praise. His 'John Anderson, my Jo' would alone establish an enviable reputation. It is inconceivably mellow, tremulous — delicious; and we thank him from the *heart*, for the sensations it awakened. Few who heard it, will ever forget the *soul* that breathed out, in these most touching stanzas:

'John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
They say it's forty year,  
Sin' I ca'd you my Jo, John,  
And you ca'd me your dear;  
I canna think it true, John,  
Nor half sae long ago;  
It seems a twal month, at the maist,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

'John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
We've seen our bairns' bairns,  
And yet, my dear John Anderson,  
I'm happy in your arms;  
And sae are ye in mine, John,  
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,  
Though the days are gone that we ha'e seen,  
John Anderson, my Jo!



Miss SHIREFF, also, excels in the simple song and ballad. Her 'I'm Ower Young to Marry Yet,' bating a little blurring out of the letter *r*, in an affected double-roll, and certain espeigle glances at the pit, as if indicating the cue for applause or admiration, is a charming song, and charmingly rendered. The manager has secured a valuable acquisition to his unrivalled dramatic company, in the person of Mr. CONNER, of Philadelphia, who comes among us with a good reputation, which, if we may judge from one or two personations, will be greatly enhanced hereafter. In short, Mr. WALLACK deserves, on very many accounts, the thanks of the public, for his untiring enterprise and general sound judgment and good taste.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. — PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., hitherto the able editor of the 'American Monthly Magazine,' announces, in a late number of the 'New-Yorker,' the discontinuance of that periodical. It will be remembered, that just one year ago, in adverting to the mingling of politics with literature, in the pages of our contemporary, we took occasion to regret the circumstance, and to advocate, in our periodicals, the maintenance of a neutral-ground in literature, on which men of all creeds and politics might meet, and forget the bitterness of party feeling; and we predicted, moreover, that the union referred to, would not be successful. Mr. BENJAMIN, we are sorry to say, confirms our anticipations. He declares, that from the moment the Magazine became political, it began to 'suffer a monthly epilepsy,' and adds, elsewhere, that 'it is in vain to wed politics to literature, in this country. They have no similarity of taste or inclination. The marriage is an unwise one, and a divorce is sure to succeed.' The subscribers of the 'American Monthly' will be served hereafter with the 'New-Yorker,' a well-conducted and finely-executed weekly journal, of news and literature, to which Mr. BENJAMIN and his corps of correspondents will add their valuable aid.

MR. COOPER'S REVIEW OF LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT. — Some of the public journals seem to have discovered a discrepancy in our opinion of the merits of LOCKHART'S Life of SCOTT, inasmuch as our notices of the several 'Parts' of the Memoir, as they appeared, were in quite a different vein from the extended review of the entire work, which formed a prominent paper in the 'Literary Notices' of our October number. As a brief explanatory paragraph, in the same issue, would appear to have escaped observation, it may be well to repeat here, that the review in question was intended by the writer (who has made no secret, and desired no secret made, of its authorship,) to have formed an 'original paper' in the body of the work, under his own signature; but that, arriving too late for this purpose, we were compelled, contrary to usage, to permit an unofficial document to 'lead off' in our department.

NEW WORKS. — MESSRS. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, have published the following works, which reach our table so late, as to preclude a more extended reference: A 'Romance of Vienna,' by Mrs. TROLLOPE; 'The British Senate,' a second series of 'Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons,' 'Land Sharks and Sea Gulls,' by the author of the 'Naval Sketch-Book'; 'The Stranger in China,' by C. T. DOWNING; 'Peter Pilgrim, or a Rambler's Recollections,' by the author of 'Calavar'; and 'Picciola, or Captivity,' a tale, by M. DE SAINTINE; The 'Religious Souvenir,' and 'Christian Keepsake,' each with numerous beautiful illustrations, and edited by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, and Rev. JOHN A. CLARK, with 'A Christmas Gift from Fairy Land,' admirably embellished on almost every page, by the graceful pencil of CHAPMAN, and written, as the reader will scarcely fail to discover, by the attractive hand which sketched 'Salmagundi,' were also received at too late a period of the month for adequate notice.

## LITERARY RECORD.

'SOUTHERN PASSAGES AND PICTURES.' — A volume of poems thus entitled, from the pen of W. GILMORE SIMMS, Esq., author of 'Guy Rivers,' 'The Yemassee,' 'Atalantis,' etc., is passing through the press of Mr. ADLARD, Broadway. The publisher has obligingly furnished us with several sheets of the work; sufficient to enable us to see, that there are rich stores of imaginative poetry in the volume, upon which we may hereafter draw, for the gratification of our readers, without fear of having our draft dishonored, how liberal soever it may be. A single passage, germane to the season and its phases, entitled 'Autumn Twilight,' shall serve our present purpose:

'There is a soft haze hanging on yon hill,  
Tinged with a purple light. How beautiful,  
And yet how cold! 'Tis the first robe put on  
By sad October. Well may he repine,  
His dowry is decay: decay though bright,  
And desolate, though bounteous. Thy sweet green,  
The summer flush of love — the golden bloom,  
That came with flow'rs in April — all are gone.  
The green is pallid; the warm, virgin flush,  
That was a maiden glory on the cheek  
And in the eye of summer, shrinks away,  
To gather on the hill-tops; wooing in vain  
The last embrace to sorrowful twilight given,  
By the down-vanishing sun; and the sweet airs  
Wail heavily through the branches, while the leaves,  
Saddest of mourners! flung on summer's grave,  
Lament her in the silence of true grief!'

'THE AMERICAN MUSEUM' is the title of a new monthly periodical, recently established at Baltimore, by Messrs. BROOKS AND SNODGRASS. The work is neatly executed, its articles are various and well chosen, and some of them proceed from well-known pens. We discover, as we think, among the original papers, the liberal hand of that distinguished reasoner and metaphysician, Dr. BEASLEY, of New-Jersey. We think the editors err in placing a dozen articles of verse in succession, as we perceive they have done. The work is, however, to be more devoted to solid reading, hereafter, and to contain a less proportion of verse. The editors exercise the duties of their station with ease and skill; and in the few lines of space that are left us, at a very late hour, we put upon record our good wishes for the success of their laudable enterprise.

'EMINENT LIVING POLITICAL REFORMERS,' is the title of a fine quarto volume, the first of a series, to embrace portraits of all the living reformers, meaning political reformers, as understood in England. We have here the portraits of eighteen of the more distinguished politicians of this class, admirably engraved from paintings by distinguished artists, and accompanied by brief but comprehensive memoirs. Among them, we remark the fine classical features of TALFOURD, with the faces of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, Viscount MELBOURNE, EARL SPENCER, MULGRAVE, etc. The letter-press and binding are in keeping with the rare excellence of the pictorial department. MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM, Broadway, are the American publishers.

NEW AND VALUABLE WORK BY MR. DUNLAP. — MR. DUNLAP, whose various entertaining and useful books are so familiar to the American public, has a work in press, which we may well believe will eclipse in interest and usefulness any of his previous productions. It is none other than a 'History of the New Netherlands, the Province of New-York, and State of New-York, to the adoption of the Federal Constitution.' It will be published in two volumes octavo, of five hundred pages each, at the comparatively low price of five dollars the set, bound in boards. We predict for the work an ample subscription; for MR. DUNLAP will assuredly make it one of the most interesting of modern histories.

'DUTY AND INCLINATION.' — We do not consider it our 'duty,' and most certainly we have little 'inclination,' to recommend this long novel to our readers. MISS LONDON'S

own productions are seldom indifferent reading; and hence, as BALLANTYNE said to SCOTT, we prefer her own offspring, to the bairns, of which, in a moment of kindness, she has consented to become the temporary parent. These volumes are diffuse, artificial, and confused, and altogether rather under than above the medium standard of English republications.

**LIFE OF HANNAH MORE.** — We can heartily commend these volumes to our readers, as well on account of the subject, so fruitful of good example, and valuable moral and religious lessons, as the ample stores of new and interesting information, derived from an immense number of private letters, and the living memories of numerous friends. The work, although small, is evidently what it professes to be, a '*Life of HANNAH MORE*,' omitting no circumstance of real importance or interest. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

**THE APOLLO GALLERY.** — This magazine was the first to call public attention to the plan and various merits of this excellent establishment; and we are glad to perceive that the exhibition has attracted numerous and admiring visitors. More than four hundred specimens of the talent of native artists adorn the well-lighted halls, two hundred of which are on sale; and many of them are the productions of some of our most eminent painters. We hope to embrace an early occasion to speak of their merits and defects, at more length than we have now time or space.

**THE APPROACHING HOLIDAYS** are already heralded by a large assortment of literary gifts, for the young, of both sexes. A number of these, just put forth by Mr. COLEMAN, and WILEY AND PUTNAM, demand a passing notice. A distinguished gentleman of this country, now and for a long time past a very aged individual, is at the bottom of most of them. We allude, here, to the venerable PETER PARLEY, of Boston, (Mass.,) who has been all over the world several times, was present when the corner stone of the largest Egyptian pyramid was laid, and often heard Chæops tell some of his choicest stories. He was also with Napoleon at St. Helena, and moreover read and corrected the MSS. of our renowned predecessor, DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER. Such is the eminent author, whose name is usurped, and whose books imitated and 'pirated' in England. Person extraordinary! — individual singular! May your shadow never be less! But to the books:

'PETER PARLEY'S RAMBLES' in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, comes first; and a very pretty book it is, with abundant embellishments, and entertaining sketches and stories, connected with the countries named, which are thoroughly canvassed, 'all for the love of you,' ye juvenile devourers of literary bread-and-milk. PARLEY'S 'CHRISTMAS GIFT' is a handsome little book, of similar size, with any quantity of 'pretty stories and pretty pictures.'

'CHRISTMAS TALES.' — This is an amusing and instructive volume, full of pictures, and printed on a large and clear type. It tells of the customs of England, both ancient and modern, which belong to Christmas. There are many amusing tales, and the whole may serve as a kind of history, to show how our English ancestors used to live, in days long ago.

**THE CHILD'S GEM.** — For young children, this is certainly a very nice and appropriate present. It is edited by a lady and a mother, who knows well how to blend instruction with amusement, and who possesses the rare ability to make children understand her. It is tastefully presented in its externals.

'THE LADIES' ANNUAL REGISTER AND HOUSEWIFE'S MEMORANDUM-BOOK,' by Mrs. CAROLINE GILMAN, is an excellent work, for all meridians. In addition to much useful and necessary information, there are copious entertaining miscellanies, original and selected. The form is convenient and handsome.

WORKS OF CHESTERFIELD. — The Brothers HARPER have published, in a handsome volume of six hundred pages, 'The Works of LORD CHESTERFIELD, including his Letters to his Son, etc.; to which is prefixed an Original Life of the Author. First complete American edition.' The same publishers have issued 'A system of Greek Prosody and Metre, for the use of Schools and Colleges,' by CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. We shall refer again to these volumes, in a subsequent number.

KINNE'S BLACKSTONE. — This work, published by MR. DEAN, Ann-street, is commended, in the highest terms, by the Chief Justice of Vermont, and Chancellor WALWORTH, of this state, for the qualities by which it is widely recommending itself to the public. While it is invaluable to law-students, it is found useful to citizens of other professions and occupations, as well as academies, and the higher classes in common schools.

REVOLUTIONARY BIOGRAPHY. — MRS. C. R. WILLIAMS, of whose excellent work, 'Religion at Home,' we recently made favorable mention, has a volume of 'Revolutionary Biography' nearly through the press, containing the 'Life of Capt. STEPHEN OLNEY, and Gen. BARTON, of Rhode-Island. It will be published in all November.

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TO OUR READERS. — Unexpected duties and pressing literary engagements, have prevented the appearance of 'OLLAPOD' in our pages, for three or four of the past numbers. '*Ollapodiana*,' however, will be resumed, in due season, and '*Brandrethiana*,' will follow close upon the event. We have an inkling of something unusually clever, in the shape of a series of letters, of which we have been permitted to read the initiatory epistle, entitled '*Letters from Palmyra*.' Lest the reader should infer that we are going to repeat a popular series, it may be well to state, that the letters are supposed to be written by an eminent personage at Palmyra, in this state, to a distinguished lady of Rome, in Oneida county, the daughter of a renowned citizen of that famous place. The opening is rich, being descriptive of the more prominent scenes that surround the writer, and trenching faintly, toward the last, upon what would seem to be intended as the germ of the papers, namely, the first glimmerings of the Mormon religion, which had its origin, as the reader will remember, near the Palmyrene capital of Wayne county. The spread of the faith, and the persons and characters of its defenders, will doubtless constitute the staple of these papers, intermingled, however, with amusing private adventure. We have, moreover, matured a valuable plan for exchanging with the editors of one or two of the most popular English magazines, the articles of some of our best contributors, for the writings of their more eminent correspondents; thus publishing simultaneously, English and American original matter, which will add variety to the periodicals of both countries; giving to our trans-Atlantic contemporaries an agreeable freshness and variety of material, and to our own work a month's advance in the publication of choice original matter, from pens well known, and universally admired, among us. This, however, will exclude nothing from our own contributors, as we shall 'cut our coat according to the cloth.' When we commence our THIRTEENTH VOLUME, upon a new and beautiful type, and have given a programme of literary stock consigned and on hand, we shall be willing to submit, whether the liberal favor with which the KNICKERBOCKER is received at the hands of the public, be not, in some good measure at least, fairly earned.